THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1780

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MARCH 3 1934

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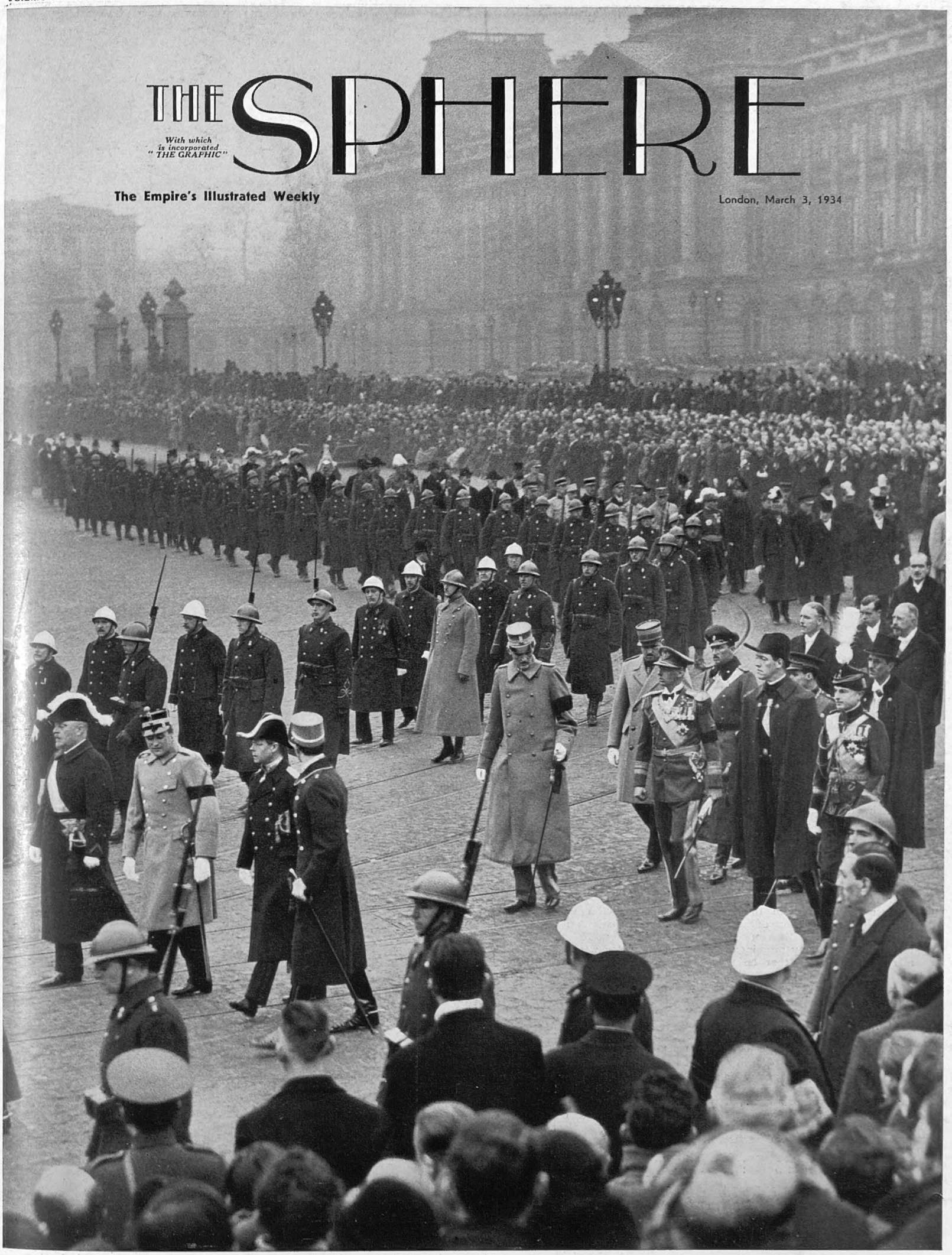
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 3, 1934



EUROPE PAYS TRIBUTE

Royal Mourners Follow in the Funeral Procession of King Albert from the Palace to the Church of Sainte-Gudule

Amid the sorrowful homage of his people Albert King of the Belgians was laid to rest on Thursday of last week in the Royal Crypt at Laeken, near Brussels, beside his predecessors Leopold I and Leopold II. Crowds thronged the streets earlier in the day and watched the solemn procession from the Palace to the thirteenth-century Collegiate Church of Sainte-Gudule, where High Mass was celebrated by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines. Royal mourners, representing nearly every Court in Europe, followed the gun carriage bearing the coffin, and beside them walked khaki-clad troops in shrapnel helmets—reminders of the heroic part which the King played in the Great War. Among those seen in this picture are: left to right—front rank—the Prince Consort of Holland, Prince Olaf of Norway, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Gustav Adolph of Sweden. The tall figure immediately behind them is that of Prince Carl of Sweden, father of the new Queen of the Belgians, and next to him (wearing epaulettes) is Prince Nicholas of Rumania. King Boris of Bulgaria (wearing sash), Prince Axel of Denmark (in cloak), and Prince Paul of Jugoslavia are on the right

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THE LENT RACES AT CAMBRIDGE: A third division crew about to register a bump at Grassy Corner. The races were held in glorious weather, and there was more than the usual excitement as on one day the record number of twenty-eight bumps was registered. The Jesus I crew gained the headship of the river

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 28, 1934.

AN APPALLING THEORY.

—The death of the French Court of Appeal Judge, Jacques Prince, has still to be investigated. At the moment it is invested with rumours and theories so appalling that all past historic scandals connected with political events in France pale into insignificance beside it. It must be stressed again that these rumours and theories are nothing more at present; but France will not rest until they have been proved or disproved. To-day the majority of the nation believes that M. Prince was lured to his death by a false message, and that a murder plot was carefully prepared because he knew more than anyone living of the ramifications of the Stavisky scandal, and held in his hands the reputations of very many prominent public men. It is stated that he unwisely whispered of his powers. What is accepted fact in connection with the Stavisky scandal is as follows: the metropolitan police, of which body M. Chiappe was head, were quite early on in possession of Stavisky's dossier; they knew him for an ex-convict and asked for instructions to proceed and to safeguard the public from his activities. The police reports passed through the Public Prosecutor's office, of which M. Chautemps' brother-in-law was chief, and to which M. Prince was at that time attached as a departmental assistant.

M. PRINCE'S KNOWLEDGE.

—No action appears to have been taken on the police representations. Thus it is possible to state with certainty that M. Prince would have known of the report and of the state of knowledge of the police in regard to Stavisky's past and their anxiety regarding his activities. He would also have been aware that his chief, related to the highest in the world of French politics, had adopted a policy of masterly inactivity in a matter calling for very serious investigation. How far investigations went in the Public Prosecutor's office, and how great became later M. Prince's knowledge of the whole extent of the scandal—including the names of leading politicians (if any) implicated—is not yet known. But M. Prince appears to have kept no perfect guard on his tongue; he was aware that he would shortly be required to give evidence; he knew his death would be welcomed by many; he was a lawyer who knew the folly of carrying vital evidence in one place only—his own threatened head; he unquestionably committed his information to paper, and there seems some foundation for the report that the written notes have been spirited away. Yet it seems unlikely that M. Prince's secrets have died with him. If that is so, it may well follow that his death will prove for France an earthquake, compared to which the first disclosures of the Stavisky affair, nay, the Dreyfus and the Diamond Necklace affairs, will seem mere—hiccups!

POLITICAL UNIFORMS.—

Sir John Gilmour's readiness to agree to the question put to him in the House, as to the undesirability of the growing fashion for wearing political uniforms, pleasantly surprised many people. The usual official answer to such questions, until necessity forces tardy action, is either an expression of total ignorance or the usual undertaking to examine. This passion for uniform is something new in the British national character; but the rapid Germanization of England, which has come about in the past decade, is perfectly logical and natural. Time and again I have pressed the point, in speaking of our pinchbeck but by no means contemptible dictator movements against the comparative slowness of progress by Governments in power, that Britain is not so utterly different from the rest of Europe and our race not to be regarded as a chosen race intellectually. Before the War, we were distinguished as a race not much set on the display of uniforms. But since the War, when millions of men who had seen service returned to the dull routine of civilian life, the desire to "show their medals" grew and is still in evidence in all ex-Service organizations—and a very proper and natural desire it is. The psychology of political uniform-wearing among the youth of the nation is in part derived from imitation of ex-Service men; in large part the fashion is rooted in the urge for a symbol to express faith in political opinions. A uniform is the best method whereby adherents to one or other of the new political creeds can declare their determination to stand together, to confess their faith, and to fight manfully under a recognized banner.

A TRIO AT NEWBURY 'CHASES: Miss Rosemary Villiers, Miss Kearley, and Miss P. Baker chatting between races

A NATIONAL MENACE.

—If it is borrowed from Germany or Italy, let those who feel inclined to scorn or ridicule read (as I have urged people to read) Mr. Moss's *I Face the Stars*. That will give them a scorching light and abruptly check their sniggers. I have ceased to believe in the notion of tolerance for individual liberty in thought, speech, and action. Whether we like it or not, as long as we live in a gunpowder factory, we must submit to stringent regulations and strict discipline. We must waive our national charter in these times of appalling danger and submit to paternal government. We have seen in other countries the menace of suffering this "uniform" movement to grow, and we must check it before it becomes beyond control. We owe it to the police authorities to back their opinions which are not given without experience, if we are not far-sighted enough to picture the flower into which the bud will, unchecked, inevitably grow. But, as I have said more than once, the best method whereby this fashion and the dictator movement can be checked in Britain is to make our existing form of democratic government *attractive* to

the youth of this country. It will never become so until it is rationalized and brought up to date by shifting the ultimate responsibility from many pairs to one pair of shoulders. The Prime Minister's National Government will never survive in this country for another full term unless it becomes and remains, in practice as in theory, a co-operation of men of all parties, pledged to assist in a common purpose—the immediate good of the Nation—under a chosen leader vested with fuller power to act, and bearing on his shoulders the chief responsibility. Government by committees and sub-committees has become an anachronism, and the Nation is awakened to the weakness of responsibility divided up to the extent it is to-day, and to the fatal sapping of courage, energy, and foresight which this "umbrella" affords. We have got the right form of government, but it must be rationalized and made attractive to the youth of Britain, and only by taking a leaf from Mr. Roosevelt's book can that be achieved.

"PROFESSIONAL WORKLESS."—It was a heartening thing to read bitter criticisms by organizations of the genuine unemployed of those who are exploiting unemployment for political ends, and even of those unemployed—described as the "professional workless"—who easily succumb to the position of "catspaws." There were some trenchant criticisms made by the Federation of Unemployed Associations at Bristol last week of this ill-advised, heartless, and dangerous exploitation. The procession is even now in London and quite unnecessarily is providing for our Metropolitan Police, whose hands are already too full for the proper discharge of all their innumerable functions, an unjustifiable "exercise" in restraint, tact, and anxious over-time organization. No doubt, their half-truths, grievances, and poisoned propaganda do less harm in London than in the towns in the Midlands through which these "hunger-marchers" passed. But the whole business should have been stopped officially, after the tragic and disgraceful episodes of the last march; official action to prevent a recurrence was foreshadowed, but the policy of masterly inactivity carried the day, and the Government once more sheltered under the umbrella and reiterated the quite empty parrot call of the Briton's inalienable heritage of freedom of speech and action, that national pride and safety valve. That heritage to-day is a monopoly of the minorities, an injustice bred of cowardice which characterizes democratic government.

NEW PASTIME FOR MARCH.—March is usually a disagreeable month, which we have been wont to spend in dodging or enduring 'flu and wondering what new burdens the Chancellor will place on our cracking spines in April. But this March the fates appear to be in kindlier mood and have even introduced a delightful spring pastime, so long forgotten as to be brand-new. It is called "Watching the surplus grow." From now on every penny wrung from the tardier brethren among the taxpayers may fairly be counted as Budget surplus, and every one of us joins in the delightful fashion of watching that surplus grow, in the confident hope that whatever we reluctantly yield up to the Exchequer will be repaid to us, not indeed a hundredfold but at least in part by remission of taxation next year. The railway receipts, most significant of trade barometers in the goods traffic returns, continue to show most satisfactory rises; the national trading deficit is still melting like snow in April; the B.I.F. has been reporting new records in orders and in the numbers of foreign buyers, and the Stock Exchange has reflected this general spirit of hope and confidence. These definite signs of returning prosperity, taken in conjunction with the promise of spring which follows a mild and sunny winter, such as almond blossom and daffodils, have raised our hearts far higher than they have stood for years past at this dismal season. We are so unused to this sparkling vintage that we must take care lest it go to our heads and make our feet unsteady.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.—In England more than in most countries in the art of music a composer's rank is better measured by the opinions of his contemporary composers than of the public in his lifetime. It is not strange that Elgar was slow to win recognition and quick to suspect, after his reputation was established, that the public did not want his work. The British public in the sphere of music still requires a lead from the professionals. It is entirely different from the spheres of literature and drama, in which the public, educated or semi-educated, is equipped or at least prepared to form its own opinions. It is certain that Elgar resented his slow progress to recognition, as he resented his apparent neglect by the rising generation, and both these causes of resentment helped to make him shy and reserved in public. To those professionals who appreciated his greatness he was open and communicative and sunny, and contributed from his store of knowledge of a wide range of subjects. For he was very versatile. He had cause for his suspicions. The post-War generation has disappointed and contemned many great Victorians and Edwardians. In his case it forgot or never heard his Second Symphony, and knew him as the man who was responsible for the jingo and jingle of *Pomp and Circumstance*. Just so has that same generation shuddered at and revolted from Kipling's "If" and Kipling's "Recessional," because they struck a note intolerable to the ears of the youth of to-day. But Posterity, the only sure judge, will set Elgar and other great pre-War figures in their deserved places.

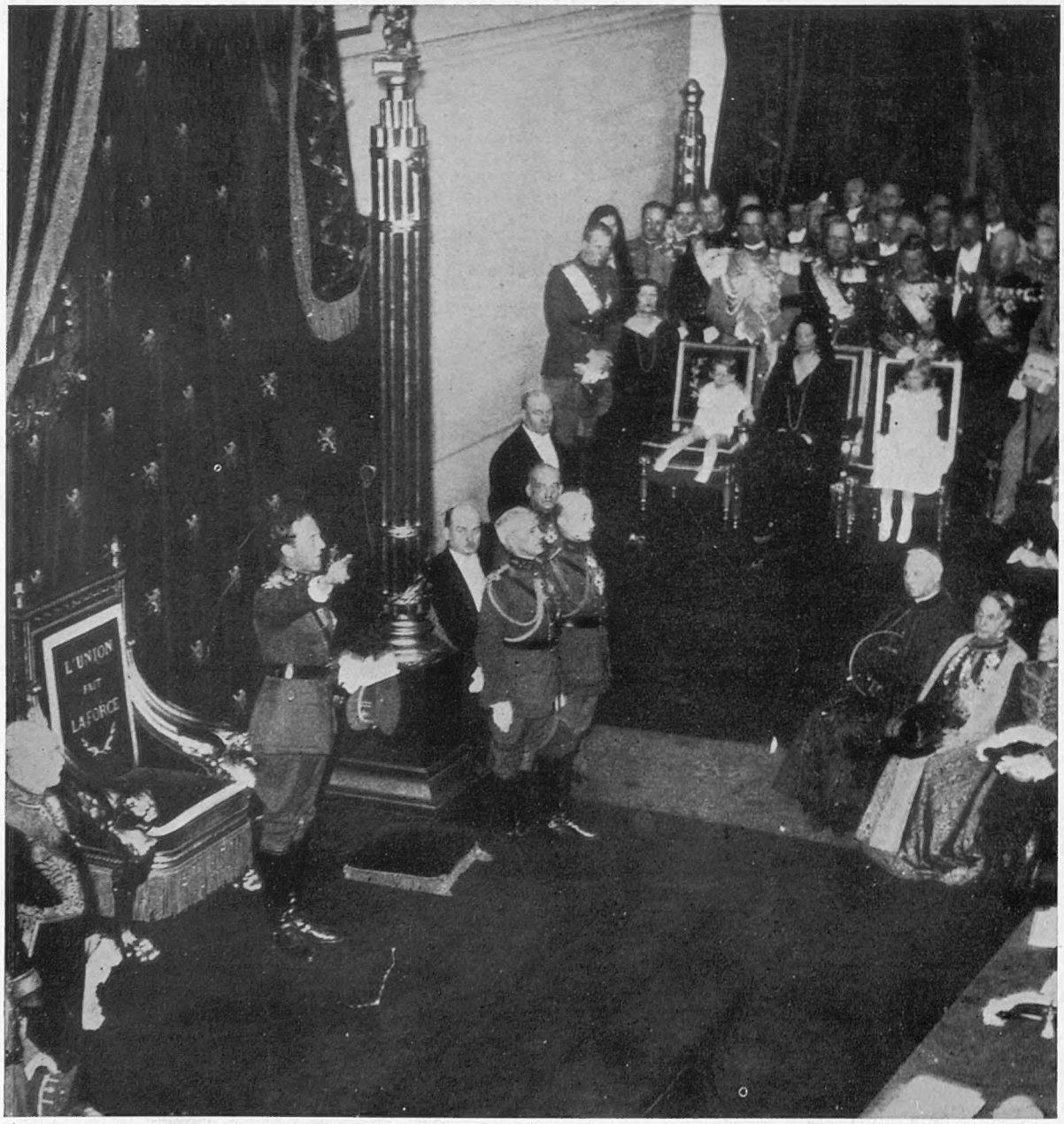
LONDON'S OLD ENEMY.—This winter has brought to a head again the age-old problem of London fog. There were partial measures taken (which culminated fourteen or so years ago) to abate the nuisance, but none since. Even now Londoners burn annually some 16,000,000 tons of not very clean bituminous coal, and no investigations have succeeded in clearing this coal of the main responsibility for "London particulars." Indeed it appears to be admitted that if London burned no coal it would be peculiarly impervious to fog. Statisticians, in their mysterious ways, have assessed the annual damage caused by fog to buildings, fabrics, and works of art. The sum total is £5,470,000. So you see it has been carefully worked out (unless the odd £70,000 was put in to give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincing tale). The damage to health is not assessed in terms of £ s. d. nor the moral damage. An examination of the fee-books of G.P.s might throw a lurid light on the former item; this spring London has been ravaged by throat and nose trouble. The moral injury not even a statistician has ways and means to compute. The fact remains that, when mist conditions are present, something like 150 tons of coal dust and other particles hang above London and add to the darkness and confusion and poison the lungs of Londoners. It need not be. America has up-to-date regulations in many of her great cities and has succeeded in abating the nuisance to some extent. That is not the British way. The Briton, of course, must be left free to poison himself and his neighbour in his inviolate "castle." Our reforms come obliquely. And fortunately smoke abatement is likely to become a "by-product" of Government encouragement for obtaining fuel oil from coal. While the great experiment goes on a few pioneers are again trying to patent and popularize smokeless coal substances—mixtures compounded of coal, clay, boracic acid, and other secret ingredients. Once set going, these briquettes, which were quite popular just before the War, burn admirably and long retain their glow. The trouble is, like coke, they take up more space than coal and involve more carrying. And these features are ill-suited to modern space and labour-saving fashions. However, the nuisance must be attacked, and in time the regulation of bituminous coal-burning in cities will have to come about.

THE SAVOY CHAPEL GRAVEYARD.—I went last week to inspect the work in progress in the graveyard of Savoy Chapel. A few trees have been uprooted, and the old gravestones moved back to leave an empty space for an ordered garden which will no doubt be beautiful according to modern ideas and intensely "ordered." I watched with mixed feelings. I see no objection at all to the removal of headstones above the bones of long-forgotten mortals or, for that matter, of long dead but still remembered mortals. If the removal provide in a great city a green space on which children can play games—as in the old St. George's Burial Ground off Bayswater Road—"poor Yorick" himself may have his tomb desecrated, and I shall not complain. But I rather liked the peace and antiquity of Savoy Chapel graveyard and have, if truth be told, a horror of carefully laid-out public gardens on the latest town-planning model. Ancient peace is the first disorderliness to be placed in the receptacle for litter, and the people who enjoy the new amenities always appear to be on their best behaviour with the tail of an eye on the approach of a policeman. I am sorry to see the end of the old graveyard. There are worse places than graveyards in which to sit and philosophize.

THE OLD STAGER

A MILITARY WEDDING: The scene in the Royal Hospital Chapel, Chelsea, during the marriage of Captain Lionel Montagu Stopford, younger son of Major-General Sir Lionel Stopford, and Miss Sheila Romer, daughter of General Sir Cecil Romer, Adjutant-General to the Forces. Lady Romer held a reception at the Governor's House

BURGOMASTER MAX, ATTENDED BY THE BURGOMASTERS, SHERIFFS, AND COUNCILLORS OF THE BRUSSELS DISTRICT, welcoming the new King at the gates of the Palace of Laeken before the triumphal entry into the capital on the day of the enthronement. M. Max, who twenty-five years ago also welcomed King Albert to Brussels, read an address in which he expressed the confidence of himself and his fellow citizens in their new Sovereign. Twice during the day the King rode through the streets, and on both occasions he received a great ovation—his dignified bearing arousing general admiration



"I SWEAR TO OBSERVE THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS OF THE BELGIAN PEOPLE AND TO PRESERVE THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE NATION AND THE INTEGRITY OF ITS TERRITORY": After taking this oath in the Chamber of Deputies in the presence of foreign Princes, the Diplomatic Corps, and his own Ministers, Senators, and Deputies, the Duke of Brabant was formally recognized as Leopold III King of the Belgians. On the raised dais in the background the new Queen is seen sitting with her two children, Prince Badouin and Princess Josephine. Behind the Princess is the Prince of Wales

KING LEOPOLD LEAVING THE CHAMBER O
On the day of his enthronement the King
people in every part of the capital. During
followed the same processional routes as those
for the late King was suspended for the
the crowds revealed the high regard which

LE ROI EST MORT!—VIVE LE ROI

Scenes at the Funeral of King Albert I and at the Enthronement of King Leopold III

THE SERVICE FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF THE DEAD KING: The scene in the Collegiate Church of Sainte-Gudule during the celebration of High Mass by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines, who was attended by the various Belgian bishops and a throng of clergy in red and purple robes. Foreign Princes, Ambassadors, soldiers, statesmen, and the Belgian Royal Family were present at the service, which ended with the singing of the National Anthem. The coffin was then taken in procession to Laeken and placed in the Royal crypt

BRITISH MARINES MARCHING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION: During their stay in Belgium they shared quarters with a detachment of Belgian Grenadiers

DEPUTIES AFTER TAKING THE OATH: the Belgians must show himself to his Friday's proceedings King Leopold III taken by his predecessors. Mourning and the almost continuous cheering of people have for their new Sovereign

MOURNING IN BERLIN: Members of the Diplomatic Corps after the memorial service for King Albert at St. Hedwig's Cathedral. In the centre is Sir Eric Phipps, British Ambassador in Berlin, and also in the group are the Danish and Hungarian Envoys and the French, American, and Italian Ambassadors. A memorial service, attended by King George and Queen Mary, was also held at Westminster

THE HEIR TO THE BELGIAN THRONE: Three-and-a-half-year-old Prince Badouin driving through the streets of Brussels after his father had taken the oath in the Chamber of Deputies

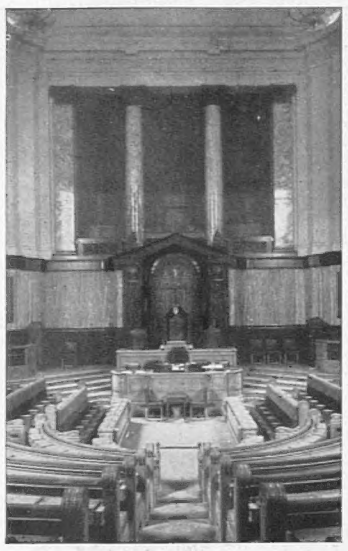
THE G.H.Q. OF THE L.C.C.: The imposing County Hall

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON

A Short Account of the Activities of the L.C.C.

[*This article is of particular interest in that the London County Council elections are due to take place on Thursday next, March 8. This date is regarded as a vital moment for the Municipal Reform Party which for twenty-seven years has governed London with outstanding efficiency.*]

There are still people to-day who regard the L.C.C.'s administration as a gigantic and expensive experiment in State Socialism. Nothing could be further from the facts. In that vast building which sits on the river bank on the farther side from Westminster—which might well be called the Daughter of Parliaments—there is a reasonable spirit both in respect to ideals and to finance. The Londoner does not seem to appreciate it, but for twenty-seven years the Municipal Reformers—that is to say, the Conservatives—have enjoyed an unbroken reign of power. Poplar might go blood red, and Battersea go Bolshie, but London County as a whole has remained steady and true; Socialism—especially of the wilder sort—has been kept in its proper place.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER of the L.C.C.

The population of London County is 4,397,003 of which 2,083,060 are electors. The latter figure is made up as follows: Women, 1,114,951; Men, 968,109. Under the Representation of the People Act, 1918, London is partitioned into sixty-one constituencies. Of these sixty return to the Council two members each. The sixty-first, i.e. the City, returns four members. Thus the Council numbers 124 members. In addition twenty aldermen are elected by the county councillors, making a total of 144 members. All that it is necessary for the Londoner to do is to make sure that he is represented by the right kind of councillor. In the last election (March, 1931) only 28 per cent. of the electorate voted. That is rather less than 1 in 3. At present the Municipal Reform Party is overwhelmingly predominant in the council chamber. The Municipal Reformers number eighty-three, the Socialists, thirty-five; and the Liberals, six.

The annual expenditure of the County Council is nearly £40,000,000. Here is its last available balance sheet:—

GENERAL FINANCE OF THE COUNCIL

Expenditure 1931–32	£	Income, 1931–32	£
Maintenance—		Rates (levied on the boroughs)	19,566,765
Rates services and mental hospitals (a)	27,108,493	Exchequer grants	8,844,839
Housing	2,097,844	Other income (b)—	
Revenue producing services	3,610,792	Rate services and mental hospitals	2,292,279
Debt charges—		Housing	3,110,703
Rate services	2,052,542	Revenue producing services	4,292,429
Housing	2,032,179		
Revenue producing services	796,002		
Increase in balances	409,163		
	£38,107,015		£38,107,015

The Londoner may well wonder what he gets for his money within the County's area of 117 square miles. It would require a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to give the information in detail, but it is easy enough to give him a rough if slightly bewildering idea. Broadly speaking, the Council determines principles but delegates administration to its committees. There are twenty-three standing committees which include those on Building Acts, Education, Entertainments (Licensing), Finance, Fire Brigade, Parks, Public Assistance, and Town Planning. Those are but some of the committees which control, for instance, 400 miles of main sewers; thirty-one general hospitals; eleven hospitals and institutions for chronically sick patients; thirty special hospitals, and two colonies for sane epileptics. In these hospitals there is accommodation for over 40,000 patients, and over a quarter of a million in-patients and about 70,000 out-patients are treated every year.

Then there is the ambulance service, with sixteen stations and twenty-five ambulances. Every year about 40,000 calls are answered by the accident section, while 300,000 patients are conveyed by the general section. In the matter of public assistance, the Council maintains thirteen general institutions, two homes for aged poor, and various receiving homes for children, residential training colonies, and so on. The Council also maintains about 1,150 public elementary schools in which 600,000 boys and girls are taught; it maintains, or helps to maintain, seventy-nine secondary schools and 250 technical and evening schools. These alone have over a quarter of a million pupils.

Streets.—The Council has widened forty miles of streets at a cost of £17,500,000, and among other odds and ends of its duties it maintains the river walls of the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments, ten bridges which cross its territory over the Thames, four tunnels which run under it, and a free ferry at Woolwich. Until recently the Council maintained ninety-seven parks and open spaces. But of these it recently handed back forty to the boroughs in which they are situated. It also maintains two museums, one at Forest Hill and one at Shoreditch. The London Fire Brigade, too, is among its big businesses. The brigade has sixty-five stations and owns 200 motor fire appliances. Five thousand calls are answered every year. Then comes the very serious business of entertainment. In this respect the Council looks after the safety of the public at nearly 1,000 theatres, music-halls, cinema houses, and so on.

The Council also attends to such trifling matters as keeping an eye on 1,000 employment agencies, about 1,600 massage or similar establishments, and 900 practising midwives. It sees to the observance of the Shops Act in 98,000 shops, and annually tests over 1,000,000 weights and measures. One could go on almost indefinitely, but there is only space left to refer to its building activities, which are colossal. It has already cleared 200 acres of slums, and is pursuing a policy of further slum clearance which will extend over a period of ten years. This will involve the displacement of, and the provision of rehousing accommodation for 250,000 persons. Altogether it has already erected 63,000 dwellings, with accommodation for 290,000 persons.

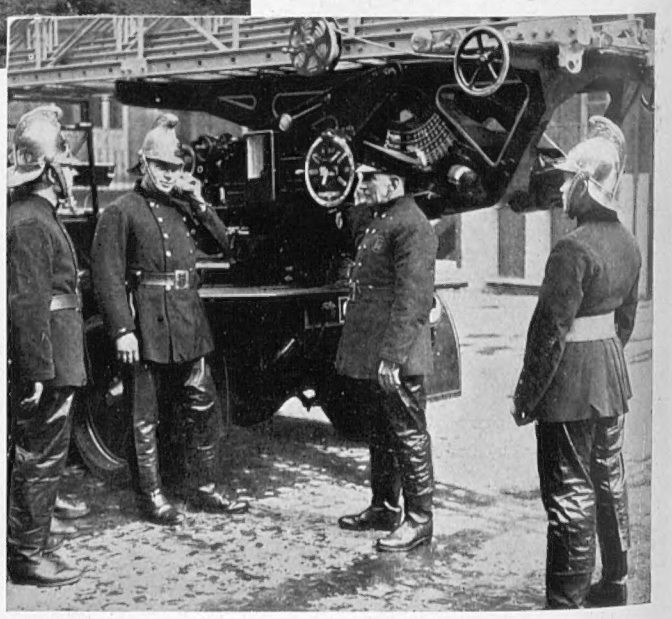
It is now time to look at the staffs which control and carry out all these functions. It is perhaps not realized that, apart from the Government, the L.C.C. is the largest employer of labour in the country. It has a total staff of over 72,000. To begin with, of course, there are 20,000 teachers; the Hospital and Ambulance Services account for 19,000; 8,000 are engaged in the Mental Services, while it takes 5,000 to man the Fire Brigade; 3,000 persons are employed in Public Assistance; 1,000 in the Main Drainage Service; and 1,800 in the Housing Estates Service.

And now let us have a look at the colossal building which houses this daughter of Parliaments. If one looks at it from across the river it is impossible to realize its immensity and solidity. It covers over six acres of ground; it is 750 ft. in length and, at its widest, 300 ft. It takes the best part of ten minutes' stiff walking to make a grand tour of its exterior. But if you prefer a prolonged hike to a brisk walk, then try the corridors. There are eight miles of them. Yet so simply is the building planned that it is not really hard to find one's way. There are nine floors which altogether contain about 900 rooms.

In those 900 rooms is housed a staff which numbers over 3,500. And there are, of course, innumerable visitors. Yet so vast is the place that in these seemingly endless and almost monastic corridors one seldom meets a soul. But what impresses one most is the almost stunning silence. Every door is so immensely thick that no human voice, not even the click of a typewriter, can be heard from within. As for the Council Chamber itself, its very proportions and appearance make for decorousness in the debates which are run on the Parliamentary system. The old Council Chamber was a place where members could, so to speak, chat to each other across the floor. But here a man must stand up and speak loudly if he is to be heard—partly, it is true, because the acoustic properties are not too good. Round the Council Chamber is an ambulatory where members can stroll, and there is a smoking-room in which the subject under debate is made known on a sort of super tape which runs across the wall above the mantelpiece. And, as at Westminster, so there are bells for divisions. But it is, of course, in the committee rooms that most of the work is done. And some of these committee rooms need not fear comparison with those at Westminster. It all sounds—indeed, it all is—palatial. On the other hand, the building is no more than a fitting home for London's Parliament. Moreover, for twenty-seven years economy has been the watchword, and the financial proof of this mighty political pudding is in the rating. The rate which the L.C.C. levies from the boroughs stands at just over 6s. in the £. Thus economy goes hand in hand with efficiency, and impossible ideals are subordinated to practicalities. The L.C.C., as it is at present constituted, stands for decency, dignity, and results.

W. Holt-White

SEEN ON THE L.C.C. HOUSING ESTATE AT BURNT OAK: The Council has cleared over 200 acres of slums and has provided new accommodation for many thousands of people

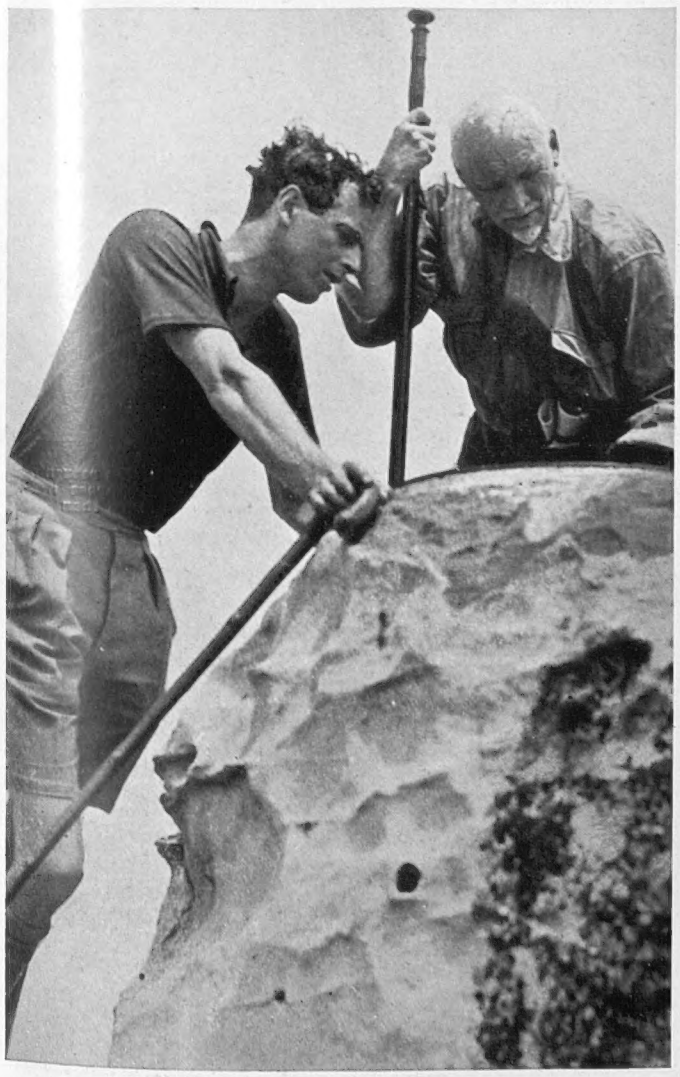


THE FIRE BRIGADE is another large organization run by the L.C.C. It controls sixty-five stations

PRINCE GEORGE IN CAPETOWN

His Climb Up Table Mountain with General Smuts

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: Prince George had a tremendous reception when, on February 5, he arrived at Capetown on the *Carnarvon Castle*, and since then he has been engaged on a round of official visits and functions. One day, however, was set aside for a climb up Table Mountain, and the Prince is seen in this picture striding along the summit with General Smuts, the veteran statesman, and Lord Hyde (in felt hat), son of the Governor-General of South Africa. The white clouds, which sometimes give the mountain the appearance of being draped with a table-cloth, can be seen in the background. The climb is over 3,000 ft. and takes from two to three hours, but is not difficult by any one of the normal routes is taken. *Inset*—A PICNIC AT PAARL: Prince George chatting with the little son of a farmer. Paarl is noted for its fruit farms and vineyards



AT THE MOUNTAIN CLUB WAR MEMORIAL: Prince George and General Smuts at the summit of Table Mountain. The General, although well over sixty, was quite equal to the long climb

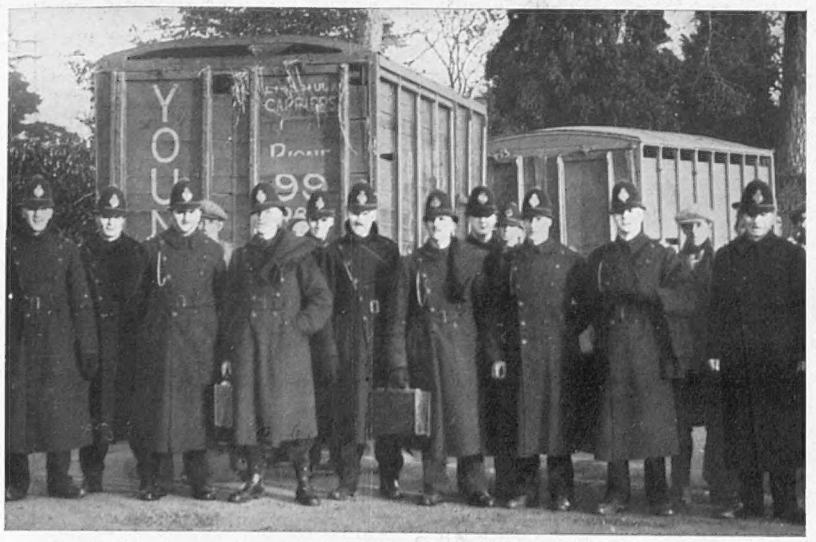
A RAPTUROUS WELCOME: Prince George driving along Adderley Street after his arrival in Capetown. All the shops were shut for the occasion and thousands lined the processional route. In the distance can be seen the lower slopes of Table Mountain

UNEMPLOYMENT and TITHES

A REST EN ROUTE: Some of the women marchers who converged on London during the week-end for the great demonstration in Hyde Park. This picture was taken between Hitchin and Hatfield

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Another contingent of unemployed marchers taking their mid-day meal on the Great North Road

REPRESENTATIVES OF BRITISH UNIVERSITIES marching into Hyde Park for last Sunday's demonstration. The police turned out in force, but throughout the proceedings, which were held in drizzling rain between three and five o'clock, there was no semblance of disorder. A resolution was carried which called for a complete withdrawal by the Government of the Unemployment Bill



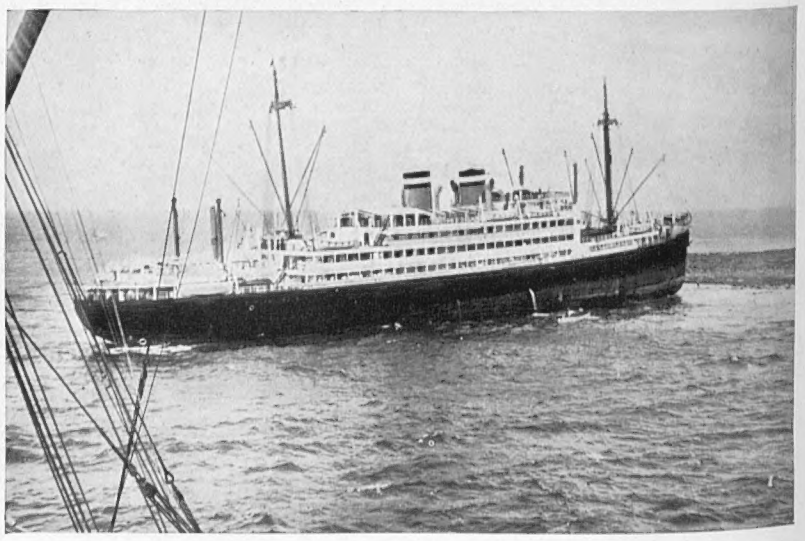
POLICE TAKE ACTION IN THE SUFFOLK TITHE WAR: Some of the 140 members of the force who protected men sent to Mr. R. H. Rash's farm at Wortham to remove pigs and bullocks which had been impounded under a tithe distraint order. Before the animals were removed the police closed all roads leading to the farm

SOME of the WORLD'S WORRIES

AN ECHO OF THE DISTURBANCES IN AUSTRIA: Mr. David Sinclair (centre), son of the Socialist writer, Mr. Upton Sinclair, speaking on the campus of Columbia University, New York, at a meeting held to protest against the interference of other countries in Austria's internal affairs. A resolution was passed supporting the Austrian Socialists in their attitude towards the Dollfuss Government

POLICE v. DEMONSTRATORS IN NEW YORK: A general view of the scene as 5,000 sympathizers with the Austrian Socialists demonstrated in front of the Austrian Consulate

A RAILWAY DISASTER IN SPAIN: A football excursion train which was returning from Madrid to Seville collided last week with a Seville-Madrid express near Villanueva de la Reina. Ten of the excursionists were killed and more than fifty were injured, some seriously



NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS: The 8,500-ton German liner, *Magdalena*, which went aground on the island of Curaçoa in the Caribbean Sea. The vessel was undamaged, and all the passengers were taken off without mishap

DESTRUCTION

By Sea, Snow, and Dynamite

CRUMBLING IMMENSITY: The scene during the destruction of the great fort at Hedikhuizen which was recently blown up with dynamite by Dutch troops

LEAVING THE DANGER ZONE: Dutch soldiers making for cover just before the fort at Hedikhu'zen was blown up

THE SAND DUNES OF TEXEL, which defend this little Dutch island from inundation by the sea, were broken through a few days ago during a violent south-westerly storm. A similar disaster occurred in 1825, when great damage was done to the island as a result of the collapse of the dykes on the west coast

AVALANCHES OVERWHELM A VILLAGE IN THE ITALIAN MARCHES: *Left*—A striking picture showing how the snow buried the houses of Bolognola, where nineteen deaths were reported. Battalions of volunteers have been engaged in clearance work and aeroplanes have been dropping first-aid necessities, food supplies, blankets, etc., for the use of the surviving inhabitants. *Right*—Fascist troops and volunteers searching in the snow for victims of an avalanche near Ancona

LE DISCOURS: A characteristic impression of an after-dinner speaker by Blampied

À L'ANGLAISE

A New Note in French Political and Social Life—How France, Dissatisfied with Her Own Way of Doing Things, is Flatteringly Looking to England

By FERDINAND TUOHY

More than once in recent troubled times in France it has been necessary to rub the eyes gently. What could this be—this repeated mention of England and how things were done there? So foreign to ingrained French habit, the more so in that an unmistakable note of compliment underlay matters. Usually the Britannics and all their works have been put down as quite too peculiar and contradictory when they weren't positively unethical; certainly devoid of allure. The twenty miles of the Pas de Calais meant two different universes! Yet here was one person after the other, and among them the most respected in the land, suggesting in the public prints that the harassed Republic might do worse than take a look at England, see how they did things there. And not only in government and institutions, but in other things. What had happened to bring about such a phenomenon among the most self-satisfied of nationals?

I suppose, with reflection, that isn't a very difficult question to answer. The French are evidently beginning to realize that we are about the only Europeans that matter, besides themselves, who are managing to preserve individual liberty; more than that, they are obliged to concur that we are experiencing a considerably smoother passage. Specifically, they have never got over the miracle of the pound—why its fall did not send prices shooting up (as the rectification of the franc would probably do now, even at this late day). Ever since then the French have augmentingly envied a disciplined democracy which, for all its fissures, does not spend its fibre in political dog fights. And now, apparently, they would not be averse to copying bits of us here and there, in their own distress of public morals, international relationships, and régime. If you said this to a Frenchman he would go off into peals of mirth, saying that we always did have a sense of humour. Nevertheless—

The note is struck by ex-President Doumergue who wants France to alter the Constitution to the British model, enabling a Chief of State to dissolve Parliament at any time that a Prime Minister may ask him to. This, it is felt, might curb the deputies' favourite indoor sport, namely, obstructing and throwing out Cabinets, because General Elections both cost money and are not safe. M. Tardieu thinks that we did well to give women the vote and he wants that too (in Paris last week the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld presided over a congress at which a women's attitude was taken towards most of their current woes). M. Chautemps desires to permeate the French Press with some of our Fleet Street restraint and respect for the libel and slander laws. In fact, that was one of the reasons he went —most of the "menaced" Press unchained a fury against him. As things are, MM. les Journalistes can write practically anything, and do. Once in a peacock-blue moon a case goes to the assizes, process slow as a Burgundy snail, when the result is usually laughable. The late Premier would have every offending scrivener up at once before the equivalent of Bow Street if he fail to substantiate the words complained of inside of fourteen days; and a maximum of five years imprisonment! In parenthesis, I might add that Paris is copying the make-up of our papers, notably the illustrated ones. A complete double of *The Daily Sketch* was recently born.

Then there is the police. That the central Paris police had gone all wrong is now widely agreed, and it is proposed to take a leaf from us by having one detective force only at headquarters. M. Chiappe used to have his own organization, doubling the Sûreté Générale. It will be a more difficult task keeping judges out of politics and preventing Ministers remaining — surreptitiously, maybe — on boards of directors. Both, however, are to be tried, again *à l'anglaise*. And, very much so, tax-collecting *à l'anglaise*. This is being held up in the foreground — the honesty and civic sense of the Britannics. And it must be admitted that dodging the tax-collector has become the national pastime from Calais to Bayonne and Brest to Nice. Not that there isn't mitigation in the terrific Government waste.

In point of fact the whole national economy is being looked over, with an eye kept on England. French people return from London telling of the extraordinary cheapness, and at long last authoritative pens are saying that our way of maintaining but a relatively low gold reserve is the right way, and that as long as the Banque de France remains gorged with unproductive metal there's little that can be done about la crise.

To conclude with government, a Ministry directly taken from our Dominions Office has just been created and confided to the excellent M. de Jouvenel.

The tale continues in the general field: either our friends are openly advocating attention to England or they are unconsciously "adopting" from that long-criticized isle. I do not imply that everything in the garden is superior with us; far from it: far from it, also, any notion that the Gaul is changing to a Sassenach or even a Gael; but I do point out a remarkable tendency. For instance, take a French youth of the École Normale variety and watch him depart up the street. What with his pipe and his plus-fours and his greatly improved physique and usually hatless disregard of the weather, he could be English. I often mistake him. Or let me instance the no less startling sartorial transformation of the average French army officer; in his well-cut khaki and Sam Browne, again he might be English (but for his cap). I hesitate to say that the other sex is copying anything . . . and yet has she not got much more "open-air," implying more sensible clothes and less fantastic facial décor? Anyway, yes or no, here's something of which there's no doubt: *the French are copying our cut-from-the-joint-and-two-veg.* This is heresy, I know, but you'll see it everywhere. Plat du jour. At 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 francs, all depends where you are, and a notice to the effect that you need not take anything more. Just joint and vegetables. And, incidentally, tending to be served more and more in the English manner.

To pass to the other extreme, the Lagny horror no sooner occurred than articles appeared descriptive of our railway coaches and signalling and lack of accidents. The first tendency, I repeat, at this critical period is for Frenchmen to look across the Channel. One could give instance upon instance of this.

Take the vogue of the liner cruise; and that for le home comfort; for English films; for the terrier dog; for le Roogby and le week-end. Nothing American, mind you, in all this. Indeed, it is only too evident that Americans are not fashionable hereabouts; past post-War surfeit maybe.

The desire for comfort in the home, all who have suffered will agree is a wonderful gift of ours, almost deserving of a quota reduction or a kiss for Mussolini or something. Armchairs are actually appearing; things that one sits in; I had almost forgotten what they were.

As for terrier dogs, in spots it is approaching what George Moore objected to in Kensington High Street, and kept on writing to *The Times* about.

Touching le Roogby, experts write imploringly asking players not to bite the referee but to play a brutal game restrainedly comme en Angleterre.

French parents have long favoured la nurse. "Les girls" and "la nurse" hold their respective own; in fact, in certain social layers the French are bringing up their children differently, sending them to bed, for instance, while the "les girls" cult has spread to recognition that l'anglaise generally is not all front teeth, large feet, spectacles, and wisps of hair. And le whisky is snob, and Malcolm Campbell is the young sportif's hero, and Eyston and Austin are discussed, and English biographies are best-sellers, and the comfort and non-extortion of our theatres are sighed for. Very tardily, the French copied our motor-coach services; some time beforehand our white lines; and now they even grant that the raw material of English food is excellent.

The French are travelling. The French are learning languages. They are enthusiastically taking to amateur flying and small yacht racing. And they want more comfort with their cars and less gaudy display. And they hear tell of the less jarring note of London life, of its well-oiled traffic, and they wonder why they can't have that, too. And English calm and discipline and probity are admired—though they know all about other people ending in "y" besides Stavisky—and also of interest is our apparent aptitude for making friends. All these things I have seen passed in review lately. Very flattering. Though really it was about time that some form of reciprocity entered in.

I was forgetting the most extraordinary Anglification of all. Frenchmen are beginning to take cheques. I don't mean hotels and places where they "know" you. I mean ordinary tradesmen and people. Time was, just the other day, when such a citizen would almost have sent for a gendarme at mere mention of a cheque.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: M. Doumergue, France's veteran statesman, addressing the Chamber of Deputies. He recently suggested that France should alter her Constitution and adopt the British method of dissolving Parliament in cases of emergency before the end of its natural term. This would do away with the deputies' "favourite indoor sport" of cabinet making and cabinet breaking

THE IDOL OF GERMANY AT HOME

Chancellor Hitler's Week-End Retreat near Berchtesgaden, Bavaria

WHERE THE CHANCELLOR LIVES THE SIMPLE LIFE: Haus Wachenfeld, Herr Hitler's delightful country home, which stands amid magnificent mountain scenery at a distance of about ten miles from the Austrian city of Salzburg. At week-ends the Chancellor frequently flies to Munich, and from thence drives to his home by car. He has owned this house since the days of the unsuccessful Munich putsch

THE FLAG OF NAZI GERMANY flying from the terrace of the Wakmannhaus hut. The Chancellor is extremely fond of walking among the mountains

GREETING AN ADMIRER: Crowds flock into Berchtesgaden at week-ends in the hope of catching a glimpse of their leader

PASTORAL: A delightful picture taken on the hill in the Bad Tölz district of Bavaria which has recently been re-named Hitlerberg

Chancellor Hitler has a great affection for the Bavarian mountains and, when the duties of State are not too urgent, delights to visit his villa near the little village of Berchtesgaden on the Austro-German border. The house is simply furnished in peasant style and the windows look out on some of the grandest scenery in Bavaria. Here the Chancellor can spend a few days away from care and worry and can lead the simple life which he prefers. His friends think that he is risking assassination by going so close to Austria. Herr Hitler thinks otherwise. He is sure that he will live to complete his self-appointed task

On left—TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SCENERY NEAR THE CHANCELLOR'S HOME: Tourists pausing near a notice board on the Austro-German border

HIGHWAY and RAILWAY DEVELOPMENTS

The G.W.R.'s New Rail Car—A Road Through the Slums

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH": The Great Western Railway's new streamlined rail car which is now running on a regular service between Didcot and Slough. It seats sixty-nine passengers, has a speed of 60 m.p.h., weighs 20 tons, and is driven like an ordinary car—minus, of course, the steering wheel. *On right*—BLACKPOOL'S LATEST ATTRACTION: The new central-loading "toast-rack" tram which has recently been introduced at the famous Lancashire resort

THE NEW ROAD WHICH WILL LINK CENTRAL LONDON AND THE DOCKS: A striking view of the great high-level highway cutting through the Canning Town area. The scheme, which involves an expenditure of about 2½ million pounds, serves the dual purpose of making the docks more accessible for road traffic and of clearing away a number of particularly undesirable slums

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ING THE CIVIL WAR

An Eye-witness's Account of the Recent Conflict between the Government and Socialist Forces—The Havoc that has been Wrought in the Municipal Flats Described

BY LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

cordon stretched across the road filling the gap between barbed-wire barricades. The curfew was at eight o'clock, and only a rash individual would care to venture out later without the official police pass and identity card, or passport if you happened to be a foreigner.

I found the military and armed police most courteous. Always politely, and frequently in the soft, rather slurring Viennese dialect (utterly incongruous coming from their military looking forms) they would tell me not to go farther.

"It is dangerous."

"Just over the bridge, or down the road, or round the corner," or wherever was I was head g for, I woul ask, equally olitely and softly And as a rule, they let me pass with a "Lights out, then."

OF HER HOUSEHOLD
dweller surveys the
was once her home

WHERE TRAGEDY STALKS: An interior view of one of the Goethe Hof flats

Stopp by the Federal soldiers on the pitch-black Re chs Bridge one night, while the firing was going on into the Goethe Hof, I could not help exclaiming, "And you firing upon women and children—your own people—in that building!"

My tactless remark only elicited "It's orders. Besides, they won't come out." And when I asked why those blocks of flats could not be cut off until the hunger of the women and children would move their rebellious menfolk to surrender, the soldiers just shrugged their shoulders, and said "Ask the commanding officer."

Vienna by day in such circumstances is peculiarly desolate and threatening. By night, at times, the reflection of fires and burning would silhouette some wonderful skyline against the glow. In the day it was empty streets, a deserted Ring, barricades, soldiers, police, a kind of furtive scurrying hither and thither, all emphasized a thousandfold by the sharp contrast with the usual easy-going, almost fatigued atmosphere of the "Dying Fairy City," as Vienna has so often been called. On the other hand, knowing that Vienna is the very witches' cauldron of international intrigue and plotting, I could not help wondering which, if any, of these dynamic groups might not take advantage of the general mêlée, and emerge from their underground cover to do a bit of popping and exploding on their own. A little shooting more or less would have passed unnoticed, and what a relief it would have been to those black-bearded and burly, or emaciated and green-faced victims of repressed causes!

It was not easy to collect evidence of what really had happened in the municipal buildings all through those dreadful days. When I went to the big General Hospital, hoping to have a chat with any one of the seventeen women victims of the insurrection lying wounded inside, I was told that on no account would I be permitted to speak to them. Government orders. No one was to be allowed to communicate with them. It set me wondering just what the Government did not want them to disclose. I was permitted to walk through both the men's and the women's wards though, and to see the rows of wounded. The wounded police and soldiers were not in the same wards as the civilian—mostly working class from the municipal flats—victims.

"We don't want the civil war starting all over again in the hospital," was the half serious, half facetious remark made to me.

In the little children's ward, I was allowed to talk to four-year-old Walter Dimmering, who in the same breath told me that his father was a policeman, that he had been shot in the Viennese equivalent for "tummy," and that he hadn't any more pain. Poor little chap! He had been running home, hand-in-hand with his mother, when a bullet went through his back to the abdomen. The nursing sister said that they had been giving him some injections to deaden the pain.

I had a newspaper assignment that day to visit the biggest morgue in Vienna, which had received 106 bodies. I was supposed to go and count how many women and children were amongst them, but they would not let me in. The keeper, or whatever the morgue authority calls himself, explained that there were sixty-six bodies inside, and the morgue so overcrowded that they could not permit visitors until they had marshalled things to order a bit. I saw enough outside to make me duly, if undutifully, grateful for the frustration. A continuous stream of inquirers seeking news of vanished relatives. An old couple, or two young girls clasping hands; a dry-eyed, haggard woman; an old, old man; young men—they were all there. One couple I heard asking if their mother was inside. The keeper told them they must produce "documents"—her identity card, or some such means of identification. They protested that they had not got any such documents. "But you MUST have," the keeper insisted.

"We have nothing left. Nothing remains in our home. The old lady was there when it all happened, but even *she* has disappeared."

THE MODERN SWORD OF DAMOCLES: Artillery trained on the Karl Marx house—the storm centre of the civil war

The keeper was humane enough not to voice his opinion of what might have been, and probably was, the fate of the old lady, together with her "documents" and the contents of the scattered home.

Another time, I thought I would go and talk to the occupants of some of these municipal blocks of flats. My police pass got me through the giant iron portcullis gates of the main entrance of the Karl Marx Hof, the biggest of all the blocks. Once inside the inner courts, I had really no idea where to go next, as I did not know a soul amongst the 5,000 inhabitants of the 1,500 flats. But at least I had all the front doors of all the grouped apartments to choose from. Trying them in turn, I found all but one at the very end to be locked. Now actually inside the building, scanning the name-plates, I picked on a doctor to visit. I thought he might tell me about the dead and wounded.

The majority of the occupants of the Karl Marx Hof belong to the "white collar brigade"—civil servants, professional men in modest circumstances for instance. The doctor at first eyed me suspiciously, but let me in. Visitors at that time were rare. People were more prone to avoid, rather than to seek, entrance to these marked and victimized buildings.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY BUILDING IN VIENNA: The bullet-scarred facade after the bombardment

"We were not warned of the impending bombardment, nor did the police or military call upon the women and children to evacuate," he declared. "It all happened suddenly. My womenfolk passed through a terrible time."

The doctor did not mitigate the horrors of the bombardment, even though he was *not* a member of the Schutzbund. He was not called upon to tend the casualties, because the Schutzbund had their own hospital corps.

In the same informal way, I called upon other people in the flats, and found every one of them scared to death, and nervous about the future. All of them have some job or other to lose, if the Austrian Government is minded to deprive them. All of them fear to be turned out of their little home, for which they pay small rents. I asked to see through the various flats. As a matter of fact, I had been shown over the building by a Socialist Government official several years ago, before it was quite completed, and now it was doubly interesting to see the apartments installed. They are two- and three-room flats including a hall, a kitchen or a living-room with cooking equipment. There is a washing cabinet and a closet, but no bath. The communal washrooms and baths are in the basement. Plenty of light and air, double windows against the winter cold; bright, fresh interior decorations, electric light, gas, and water laid on.

I was told that the rent of these flats varies from 4s. 6d. to 5s. a week, the latter price including outside balconies. The reserve of the Karl Marx Hof tenants who feared dispossession was very natural, but words were not needed to interpret the terror and shock lined in their faces and their heavy eyes.

In sharp contrast, the inhabitants of the Floridsdorf district, artisans and labourers, were making no efforts to hide their sullen resentment and antagonism against the Government. Walking on the streets amongst them, I received the fullest impression of the bitterness and revolt of their mood. The municipal block, Schlingerhof, is occupied entirely by working-class families who pay anything from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week for a two-roomed flat. That is: sleeping-room, combined living-room and kitchen, washing cabinet, and closet. As in the Karl Marx Hof, water, gas, and electricity are laid on. Provision is made also for heating by closed, coal-burning stoves. Even at these low rentals the flats are attractively decorated, stairs and passages well lighted, the outside of the individual front doors furnished with brass bells, letter-boxes, and name-plates.

I thought it might be more difficult to make contacts here, particularly in view of the general resentful atmosphere, but I was mistaken.

A woman passed me, head bowed over a bundle, which I discovered to be her three-weeks-old infant.

RETURNING TO WHAT? A family going back to see if their flat was inhabitable after the fighting was over

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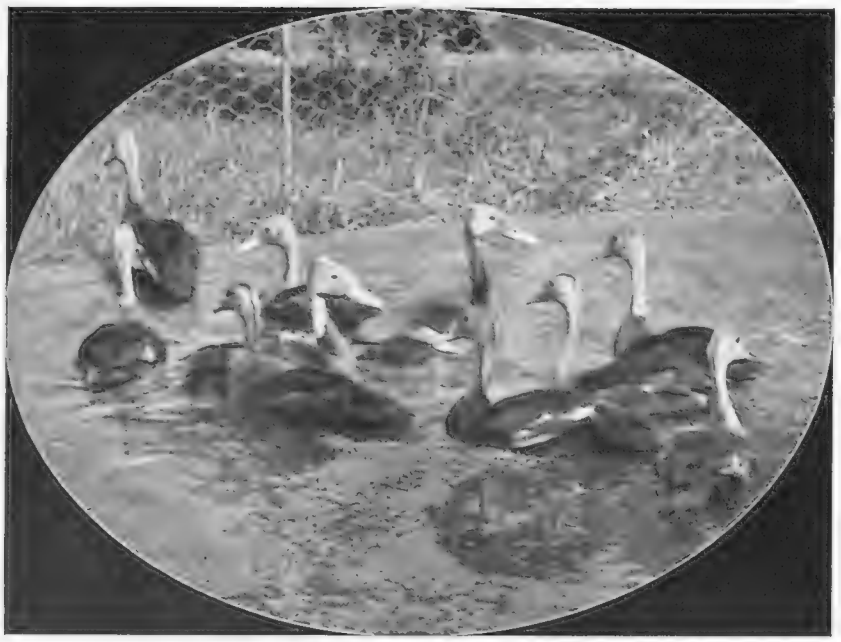

PINK-HEADED DUCKS at Mr. Alfred Ezra's private zoo at Foxwarren Park, near Cobham, Surrey

THE RAREST DUCK in the WORLD

Ugly, Exotic, Pink-headed Birds from Kashmir, Now in Captivity at a Private Zoo in Surrey

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

Imagine the sudden Victorian horror of an unattended female who, walking through Surrey woodlands within sight and sound of the Saturday afternoon automobile cavalcade from London to the coast, came suddenly upon a snow-white peacock, dazzling in his tremulous glory against a background of dappled birches.

And round the next bush, to add to this vision, our perambulating Alice would discover a score of fat wallabies, sleek in the sun, their offspring peeping from the maternal pouches with boot-button eyes. Not even Lewis Carroll could better the scene. And if I add 3-ft. high cranes as stiff as a Grenadier, great Stanleys that scream harshly with an African echo as they stand silhouetted against the sky-line of a sandy upland, like a frieze from Pompeii, it touches sheer fantasy.

These ornithological surprises are real enough. They are part of what is probably one of the three finest private zoos in this country, certainly one of the first dozen in the world. It is the property of Mr. Alfred Ezra, the Indian merchant and millionaire, one of the principal and most consistent benefactors of the London Zoo.

But at his home, Foxwarren Park, near Cobham in Surrey, within smell of the river of petrol that pours each week-end from London to the sea, there exists this unique collection unknown to 999 out of every 1,000 of the many who pass its gates weekly. Let me premise that it is not open to the public. Nor are casual and merely curious visitors likely to be allowed permission to see it. But to the serious naturalist and zoologist Mr. Ezra is not only a friend, but his collection is a gold mine of practical research in the acclimatization of rare and, in some cases, sub-tropical species. Not so long ago it was my privilege to see the collection from beginning to end.

Foxwarren runs to about 300 acres of typical smug Surrey woodland, sandy gorse, and heather uplands. It is just the sort of small estate on which the average City man prides himself in the fond belief that he has thereby inherited the mantle of the country gentleman.

But Mr. Ezra has made out of what was originally a rich brewer's suburban *pied-à-terre*, a property unique of its kind. Woburn may show larger and perhaps rarer animals. There are, for example, no bison at Foxwarren. Lord Lilford can certainly produce more waterfowl at Lilford, but there he has the advantage of lakes and a river formed by Nature. Mr. Ezra has practically no pool of a natural sort. Those that exist are, comparatively speaking, microscopic. And they have all been artificially created.

Yet on these few small ponds swim and feed the rarest duck in the world, indeed the only ones of their kind in captivity. These are the ugly, exotic, pink-headed duck from the far borders of Kashmir. When I was at Foxwarren there were seven, and I should say at a modest estimate that each bird represents £1,000 from the connoisseur's point of view.

Until a few years ago this bird was generally regarded as extinct. It was known to have bred on the remote hill lakes of the Kashmiri hinterland, where in the old days of the Moguls it was captured and sent to ornament the lake palaces of the Emperors. That excellent naturalist and gallant soldier, the late Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe, one of the greatest shikaris that ever lived, took out a special expedition to try and discover if any still existed. He failed. Then some eight or nine years ago a friend of mine, an officer in the 3/6 Dragoon Guards, shot one while flighting on Chilcot Lake in Kashmir. It came over him in the half-light of evening and fell to the first barrel. When retrieved he had not the faintest idea of its identity. But he was told, after it had been placed, that it was the first seen in that district for more than thirty years.

It must have been at the same period that Mr. Ezra, while in India on business, heard of the existence of a few pairs.

Word came through the usual subterranean fifth-hand channels of native news. He was promised, not one, but several, if he liked to foot the bill and make not too many inquiries as to the exact location of the breeding grounds. Finally, after a great deal of inquiry and negotiation, a native shikari was dispatched up country. Even though the utmost discretion was observed, and none but a few people knew of the object of the expedition, the man was tracked and followed for several hundreds of miles by the secret agents of rival collectors. Eventually they were shaken off and, after months of silence in the unknown hill-valleys of the frontier, he returned with one specimen of the bird that only two or three white men had ever seen in the flesh. Later, eleven in all were collected. Four died, but the survivors seemed to have taken quite kindly to the suburban respectability of a concrete-edged Surrey pond.

They are about the size of a mallard with a pale pink head, but, unlike the ordinary wild duck, they swim with head and neck erect. The base of the bill is flattened and elongated rather like that of an eider. So far, however, they have unfortunately shown no disposition to breed and it seems unlikely that they will ever do so. This, after all, bears out the experience of other collectors who have sought to acclimatize birds from a warmer climate in this country. Whereas the Hungarian partridge, the little owl, the Virginian colin, and the wild turkey have all been induced to breed in this country, the latter at Inveraray, where the late Duke of Argyll kept up quite a head of them for some years, attempts to reintroduce the great bustard (*otis tarda*) from Spain have failed signally so far as the fertility of the eggs was concerned. Yet it is less than a hundred years since the great bustard was indigenous to this country and was coursed with greyhounds on Salisbury Plain and on the heaths of East Anglia. Indeed, I have in my own collection the last native hen bustard ever shot in England. It was killed on the Merton estate in Norfolk and given me by the late Lord Walsingham.

To return to the pink-headed duck. It is odd now to reflect that this bird, only forty years ago, was sold in Calcutta markets at fifteen rupees a head. But by the beginning of this century it had become definitely rarer, so rare that that erudite ornithologist, Stuart Baker, wrote of it a few years back: "Forty years have elapsed since I saw it and no reward has sufficed since then to induce shikaris to visit its breeding places and find me a nest of eggs."

He adds, however, that he did not consider that its remote breeding places were likely to be influenced in a hurry by the march of civilization comprising, as they do, small and lonely lakes set in "the wildest country, the haunts of tigers . . . whilst its malaria-stricken tracts are avoided by both white and black men during the breeding season."

The pink-headed duck has always been the goal and despair not only of the private collector but of the large national zoological collections. Indeed, only one pair has ever reached the London Zoo. They were obtained in 1874 and died very soon after reaching this country. I find that one or two pairs were sold in London in 1897 at from £40 to £60 a brace, but I can find no trace of what happened to them or who bought them.

Their present-day range is among the small, lost lakes of farther Bengal and away north of the Ganges and west of the Brahmaputra. Some authorities say that a rare couple are found occasionally in Oudh, Orissa, and Nepal Terai, but I very much doubt if any white man has found their eggs or even seen them in those areas.

As for the rest of the wildfowl in this amazing collection, the ponds, of which there are seven, carry the most interesting collection of fowl I have ever seen anywhere. They include the rare Mellors duck, the Bahamas tree duck, the fulvous and red-billed tree duck, the white-backed Madagascan diver—a most uncommon and amusing hybrid between the falcated and chestnut-breasted duck—the usual Carolinas, Mandarins, and Chilean teal, the magnificent snow goose, and that amazing bird the blue goose, whose nesting place was only discovered four or five years ago. Then, too, there are several black-necked South American swans, some Hottentot teal, and that microscopic little goose, the Cotton teal or pygmy goose, the smallest goose in the world. He is not much larger than a rather obese blackbird.

The land birds include the giant Stanley crane, 3 ft. in height, Sarus cranes, Demoiselles, crowned and Manchurian cranes, together with an imposing collection of pheasants among which I saw Monaul, the lovely Reeves with his yard-long tail, Amhersts, and firebacks. Then, too, there are Chikor, which with the dozen or so Indian blackbuck seemed most naturally to suit themselves against the background of Surrey pines and sandy warrens.

The mammals include about four dozen wallabies, forty Chinese water deer, ten hog deer, ten axis, about a score of muntjac, and several Patagonian cavies.

From the ordinary visitor's point of view the most amusing and likeable animals at Foxwarren are the wallabies, which follow one all over the place, hopping along with their odd kangaroo-like bound, and then sitting up with folded forepaws and regarding one with the gravest but friendliest curiosity, while the youngsters poke their heads out of their mother's pouches and inspect this very odd, two-legged creature from another world.

Standing on the top of the hill, with a magnificent white peacock sunning himself against the dazzling arc of his fully-extended tail, against a background of dark evergreen, I saw below me a sight which surely no other part of England could provide—first, a herd of blackbuck standing alert, suspicious, ready to fly like the wind. Nearer, a tiny hogdeer regarded me with mild curiosity from a bush in whose shade a mother wallaby was sharing one end of a branch with her youngster who plucked the other end. Lower down on the sandy slopes three snow geese stood magnificent and alone, while above them, against the china-blue of an almost spring sky, wheeled a flight of lordly Sarus cranes, one of the loveliest visions of great birds on the wing that I am ever likely to see in this country.

Below and beyond a pair of blue geese from the far north of Baffin Land regarded with stolid curiosity the aerial manœuvres of the Sarus cranes and the slow perambulations of a Stanley who marched across their front line like a sentry on the Palace guard. Here, indeed, were birds gathered from every quarter of the globe—from the lost little lakes of farthest India, from the ice and snow of the Arctic Circle, from the stinking lagoons of Madagascar, the paddy fields of China, the riven gorges of Brahmaputra, and the silent, pine-fringed lakes of the Maine backwoods, where the loon laughs and the chickadee calls in the silence of Indian summer afternoons. There were swans from the great lakes of New Zealand, black swans from the fowl-infested reaches of the Murray River, sand-grouse from the foothills of the Himalayas, and tree-ducks from the steamy forests of the Bahamas.

I did not ask how many tons of food were consumed each year, whether the moulting feathers if laid end to end would reach from Tennessee to Timbuctoo, whether the birds had achieved an avian Esperanto, or any of the other informed and thoughtful questions which the average writer of an article on such a subject would be expected to ask by the editor of any great national news sheet; but I must confess that, although I have had the fortune to see some of the best and rarest collections of birds and mammals in this country, I have never seen one to compare with that at Foxwarren, more particularly when one remembers that it is a bare nine years old.

Mr. Ezra has never collected lavishly or expensively. He has added birds and animals judiciously and with a definite reason. He has probably given away quite as many as one now sees in his park. And he continues to do so quietly, unobtrusively, helping this zoo and that, corresponding continuously with naturalists all over the world, aiding them, not only with advice but with gifts of specimens—and in spite of it all still controlling and directing one of the greatest and most far-reaching businesses in the Far East. If we are indeed to believe the philosopher who once said that the man whose hobby is birds is the man whose mind soars far above those of his fellow men, we may, in sheer mental and business achievements, regard Mr. Ezra as a very fair justification of that philosophic dictum.

LANDMARKS in the HISTORY of BELGIUM

Before She Became a United Nation

THE WIDOW OF JACOB VAN ARTEVELDE BRINGING AN OFFERING TO THE STATE: Jacob van Artevelde was a rich brewer of Ghent, the capital of Flanders, and is known in history as a democratic leader and an ally of Edward III of England. The Flemish cities of the fourteenth century were rich and prosperous, manufacturing the wool which had been procured from the sheep which grazed on the pasture lands of England. The commercial connection was important and the semi-independent cities of Flanders supported their leader Jacob van Artevelde when he overthrew the power of Louis, Count of Flanders. For nine years Jacob ruled as Governor of Flanders, remaining a staunch friend of Edward III, who stayed with him at Ghent as his guest. Unhappily Jacob was unwise in proposing that the Black Prince should be elected Count of Flanders, and a malcontent murdered him. His son, Philip, the godson of Queen Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III, succeeded his father as leader of the burgesses against their exiled Count, and for a time was Regent of Flanders, but in 1392 he was defeated and killed at Roosebeke. This victory by Louis of Flanders, aided by France, brought about the crushing of the independence of the Flemish cities

THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF ALVA AT ROTTERDAM: The Duke of Alva was the greatest soldier of Spain and the most experienced general in Europe. The scion of a noble family of proud descent, possessing the right of being covered in the presence of his king, he had been devoted to arms from his youth. He was sixty years old when Philip II ordered him to the Netherlands to subdue his rebellious subjects. He led an army of 10,000 men, all splendidly equipped, every man having the appearance of an officer, from Genoa through Savoy and Lorraine into the unfortunate country, where for seven years he maintained a reign of terror. The whole of the inhabitants of the Low Countries having been declared heretics by a Papal Bull, it was easy to find reasons for exterminating those who persisted in their beliefs, and Alva had no compunction in ordering the execution of thousands of men and women

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I AT GHENT: The Emperor acquired Flanders as a result of his marriage with Mary, the daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders. The "Gentle Mary," as she was called, had succeeded to an inheritance of difficulty—all the towns were discontented and Louis of France was hoping to grasp her territory. She refused a French prince as a husband, and chose the Archduke Maximilian, whom she married at Ghent in 1477. She died five years later, leaving a son who married a daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and thus brought Flanders into its tragic connection with Spain

THE RESTORATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICE
In August, 1566, there had been an uprising of the people of A
when a mob entered the Cathedral and, armed with axes,
work to pull down and destroy every image and picture. F
of Antwerp suffered what is known as the Spanish fury, w
town, plundering and massacring, and burning everythin
certainly "restored religion" as he claimed on his vain-gloric
never got back the painted glass or the shattered glor

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF ALVA DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS OF ANTWERP: When the Duke had finally crushed, with his immensely superior forces, the ill-equipped army which William of Orange had been able to raise, he ordered a series of festivals and rejoicings in Brussels. At Antwerp he caused a colossal statue of himself to be erected, bearing the inscription: "To Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, and established peace." In appearance the Duke was tall and lean, with regular features and dark gleaming eyes. By the Netherlanders, whose country he had ruined by his extortions and his ruthless cruelty, he was regarded as the incarnation of evil. Under his successor the townsfolk of Antwerp rejoiced in the destruction of the outrageous statue. Some years afterwards, in 1577, this fallen statue was discovered in a crypt. The people seized upon it with delight and dragged it through the streets, breaking it into pieces and behaving as if they were doing injury to the tyrant himself

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LANDMARKS IN THE HISTORY OF BELGIUM

The Hated Régime of the Duke of Alva—The Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn

I ANTWERP CATHEDRAL: twerp against the Catholics, ladders, and ropes, set to this vandalism the people en the soldiery sacked the within their reach. Alva s statue, but the Cathedral es of the Middle Ages

GUILD OF MARKSMEN E LAST HONOURS TO MONT AND HORN: The en, Counts Egmont and beheaded in the Grande ussels on June 5, 1568. as staged in a manner strike terror into the e people; 3,000 Spanish ding around the scaffold he centre of the square. quare where Egmont had part in gay tournaments death fearlessly, "tears the eyes of the Spanish knew and honoured him general." Count Horn friend, over whose dead cloak had been thrown. lk were deeply moved, und the scaffold to dip erchiefs in the blood, kept as memorials. were afterwards carried s to the Church of Ste. re they lay in state— ned. Philip of Spain had rs of two men who had rved him well

THE REMONSTRANCE OF THE NOBLES OF THE NETHERLANDS: A letter compiled by the leading nobles to Philip II of Spain, who had succeeded to the inheritance brought to Austria by Mary of Burgundy. In the letter the writers pointed out to the distant king how grievously the provinces were suffering under his Regent, Cardinal Granvelle. It was signed by the two heroes in the struggle for freedom, the Count of Horn and the Count of Egmont. These two men, who had both served Philip, but who had roused his enmity by venturing to disapprove of the cruelty of the Inquisition, were lured by the Duke of Alva to a banquet, were seized, imprisoned, and afterwards beheaded

THE ATTACK ON ANTWERP IN 1832: After the fall of Napoleon Belgium, which had been conquered by the French, was united by the Allied Powers with Holland. But the arrangement was not satisfactory. The Dutch and the Belgians are temperamentally different—their religion, language, and customs are opposed, and in consequence there was great discontent in Belgium, where it was insisted that Holland had all the advantages of the union. In 1830, roused by the revolution in Paris which had dismissed Charles X, the people of Brussels rose in revolt and there was fighting in the streets. France and Great Britain attempted to mediate, and finally a settlement was agreed to by which Belgium seceded from the union. King William of the United Netherlands did not lose Belgium without a struggle, and, while negotiations were going on, attacked the rebelling provinces. The Belgians were in great confusion and, but for the intervention of the French, Brussels would have been taken. Holland for some time refused to sign the Treaty and occupied Antwerp until called upon to evacuate it by Lord Palmerston and M. de Talleyrand

ntil 1831, when the Netherlands parted , that Belgium be- dependent kingdom. f the country prior was a stirring one, ompanying pictures resting insight into outstanding events ved the absorption us provinces by the f Burgundy in 1835

A MURAL PAINTING FROM THE MEDIEVAL HALL OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF CARPENTERS: It dates from about 1540, the year that Henry VIII divorced Anne of Cleves

The Westminster Tournament Roll—When Henry VIII Jousted With His Nobles

THE CARPENTER'S CRAFT is portrayed in a Scriptural wall painting. The costume is of the time of Henry VIII

ART IN TUDOR DAYS

Remarkable Mural Paintings now on Exhibition in the London Museum

The two examples of mural painting recently lent to the London Museum by the Worshipful Company of Carpenters are of particular interest as being the only such pieces that have come down to us from the City of London. The employment of this form of art in the Middle Ages is well illustrated by the painted walls of the Chapter House at Westminster and the few fragments in the British Museum from Westminster Palace; but the examples of its application in Tudor times have nearly all perished. For accounts and reproductions of wall paintings up and down the country, the Londoner must turn to the collection of drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum made by Professor E. W. Tristram, to whom the works from Carpenters' Hall were submitted for cleaning and general examination before being set up in their present position; they were pronounced to date from 1540 or thereabouts. As might be expected, the Scriptural scenes chosen for the purpose portray various aspects of the carpenter's craft. One painting, representing the building of the Ark, was destroyed when the hall was rebuilt, but an engraving by Fairholt preserves the design. The second shows King Josiah, enthroned in his palace, commissioning carpenters for the repair of the Temple. The costumes are those of the time of Henry VIII—the long or short open gown worn over a belted tunic—and the King and some of his courtiers wear elaborate neck-chains, now almost obliterated. A hook-nosed, bearded figure in a high cap is obviously the High Priest, and the carpenters in conversation with him wear simple tunics and aprons, and carry wooden yard-measures in token of their craft. An inscription above calls attention to the fact that, in view of the faithful dealing of the carpenters, the money was handed over to them without reckoning.

The other fragment contains two scenes. The first depicts the Holy Family at work in the yard of Joseph's brick-and-timber house. Joseph himself, in tunic and apron, is squaring up a beam to the orders of a dignified figure in a furred gown; Mary sits spinning, and the child-Christ gathers chips into a basket. A letter from the Elizabethan satirist, Thomas Nash, cited in Jupp's *History of the Carpenters' Company*, obviously refers to this picture, mentioning the chips "which Christ in Carpenters' Hall is paynted gathering up, as Joseph, his father, strewes hewing a piece of timber, and Mary, his mother, sitts spinning by." In the last picture, Christ sits teaching in the Temple, and the inscription records the incredulous query of His hearers, "Is not this that carpenter's son?"

Apart from their artistic value, the paintings are interesting examples of sixteenth-century application of a medieval form of wall ornament, and the Carpenters' Company has done a great service to the general public in lending them for exhibition.

Martin R. Holmes

THE WESTMINSTER TOURNAMENT ROLL: Two reproductions from the famous roll which is now on exhibition at the Royal Academy. This relic of the days of Henry VIII is a strip of parchment about 20 yds. in length depicting a tournament held at Westminster in the second year of Henry's reign to commemorate the birth of his first and only son by Katharine of Aragon. All the nobility of the realm were present and the King took an active part in the jousting. These pictures show members of Queen Katharine's suite riding in the procession to the lists

A PAGE FOR ANIMAL LOVERS

A CANINE ADVENTURER

Salo, the Eskimo sleigh dog at the London Zoo, may shortly be leaving with his owner on an Antarctic expedition, and is getting into training by hauling straw for his keeper

THE MILKY WAY: A delightful farmyard study showing the smallest pig in a litter being fed from the bottle. There are many names for "the odd pig." In different parts of Scotland it is variously called the drauchle, messan, reglan, riglan, shargar, titlin, weirdie, wirral, and wirl, and in Pembrokeshire the name cardudwin is in more or less general use

FINE FEATHERS

Valuable specimens of white peacocks from Asia exhibited at the Paris Bird Show

WHITE MIST OF WAI-TOU

A canine aristocrat being prepared to face the judges at a recent dog show

Two young lion cubs which Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake is rearing at his private zoo near Maidstone

TEMPER AND TEDIUM

THE GREAT GOLD MYSTERY

Discussed and Explained

By CHARLES GRAVES

OVER £200,000 WORTH OF GOLD BARS in the refinery of a Hatton Garden firm

Said the Editor airily, "Let's have an article on gold. The man in the street, as far as I can make out, has not the slightest idea what it is all about. For example, can I buy gold at pit-head prices in South Africa just as I can buy coal at pit-head prices in Durham? Why did the price of gold go up when Roosevelt said he was going to devaluate the dollar? Who fixes the price of gold? Why is everyone poor nowadays when there is more gold being produced every year?"

It seemed easy enough. But first I decided to learn something about it before asking the experts. I searched the library clippings about gold of a famous group of newspapers. This is how the envelopes containing the clippings read: "Consignment of gold from Bank of England to U.S." "American export of gold to England." "American purchases of gold." "Gold reserves in the U.S." "Gold in Australia." "Australian gold to the Bank of England." "Gold transported by aeroplane." "Bank of England gold stock." "Purchases by Bank of England." "German gold to France." "Gold discoveries in Labrador, Western Australia, New Guinea, New Zealand, Philippines, South Africa." "Gold diviners." "Gold extracted from gum." "Consignment from Scotland to London." "French purchase from London." "German gold exports." "Hoarding of gold." "Indian imports and exports." "Gold acquired by the Bank of Italy." "Maldistribution of gold reserves." "Prices of gold." "Purple gold." "Rainbow gold." "Gold in relation to prosperity." "Russian export of gold rejected by the U.S." "Gold transferred by the Bank of England to France." "Gold transferred by aeroplane from the Bank of France to England."

In all, there were about sixty envelopes full of references to gold. Having read them all I knew less about it than before. There was, however, a long statement by Sir Henry Strakosch which seemed to shed some light on the subject. He said that monetary causes were responsible for the fall in commodity prices. He denied that there was any general over-production or extraordinary inventions responsible for the slump. He said the greater the production the higher the standard of living, and quoted Sir Arthur Salter in saying that there is no fixed limit to human needs until every Hottentot becomes a millionaire. He added that out of the 1,800,000,000 people in the world three-fifths of them have adopted gold as a standard.

The really important point he made, however, was that a stable standard of measurement in monetary affairs is as important as it is in engineering. On it must depend the manner in which the national income of all countries is divided among the classes. It is the creditor classes which benefit by the fallen prices. It is the manufacturers and holders of ordinary or deferred shares (who constitute 17 per cent. of the money holders in this country) who are hit by the falling prices.

The arbitrary depreciation of paper currencies in terms of gold (i.e. in U.S.A.) is based on the assumption, not necessarily a correct one, that if gold rises in terms of any gold paper currency, commodities such as wheat, wool, etc., will rise in terms of that same paper currency. That is, commodity prices will rise and debts now frozen, taxes now unpaid, will all be liquidated.

But how much gold is there in the world? The answer is that, apart from the vast hoards accumulated by Indian princes like the Nizam of Hyderabad, there are about 2,500 million gold pounds in existence. At the end of last year the British Empire's holdings of gold were 285 million pounds—nearly 90 million pounds more than the previous year. On December 1 last year the United States held 824 million pounds. France held 620 millions. Italy had 76 millions. Spain and Russia had 89 millions and 82 millions respectively. Switzerland had nearly 80 millions. Holland had 76 millions. Since then, of course, an enormous quantity has gone to the United States as a result of President Roosevelt agreeing to pay 35 dollars per ounce instead of 20½ dollars per ounce.

The normal movements of gold in the London Exchange Market have been gravely upset by the new American gold-buying price of 35 dollars to the ounce. This step has been taken by the U.S. President as a measure of domestic policy only. It has for its object the raising of domestic prices in terms of currency dollars. It is hoped that higher prices, particularly for farm products, will enable a large weight of frozen mortgage and other debts to be liquidated. Whether or not this rise in prices will actually take place as a result of the depreciation of the currency dollar in terms of gold is still problematic. The result depends on the interplay of various complicated international forces including tariffs and monetary policy of other countries. What has happened, however, is that the paper dollar, although depreciated in terms of gold by law, is actually more valuable, and will buy in the open market more pounds or francs than its newly fixed gold content actually justifies. In other words, one ounce of gold produces in New York 35 dollars which will buy, in the foreign exchange market, more francs than one ounce of gold is worth in Paris. So far prices have not risen in the U.S., but at least Mr. Roosevelt must be popular with the shipping companies.

How long gold will continue to move from Europe to the U.S. depends on how long this disparity between the gold value and exchange value of the dollar continues. Gold can be, of course, shipped direct from France to the U.S. But in actual fact a large proportion of the gold taken from the Bank of France is dealt with in the London market, where it is repurchased by arbitrage operators for shipment to New York. The London market also deals in newly mined gold from West Africa and India, not to mention South Africa, and also in the vast quantity of hoarded gold which is now being disposed of—largely from India where it has been secreted for many years.

The London gold market consists of the so-called "fixing," and in open market transactions after the fixing. The price of gold is "fixed" every day at 11 o'clock in an upper room in Rothschild's offices in St. Swithin's Lane. There are present the four firms of bullion brokers: Messrs. Mocatta and Goldsmith, Sharps and Wilkins, Samuel Montagu and Company, and Pixley and Abell, and a representative of Rothschild is also present.

Until Roosevelt's new plan the value of gold had been dictated very largely by the price which the Bank of France would pay for it, that is to say, the number of francs they would pay per fine ounce of gold translated into pounds, shillings, and pence, minus about twopence per ounce for transport and insurance. Recently, however, the price has been dictated by the new ruling, though it is not guaranteed, in the United States. There is always a risk that the price may be summarily altered in New York, but until this happens it is worth while buying gold from the Bank of France and elsewhere and shipping it to the United States for sale at, presumably, 35 dollars. The reason for this is that the paper dollar, although depreciated in terms of gold by law, is actually more valuable, and will buy in the open market more goods, and consequently more pounds or francs than its newly fixed gold content ordinarily justifies.

These four firms of bullion brokers, presided over by a member of Rothschild's, come to the "fixing" each day with orders from their clients to buy or sell gold, at best or at limits. In order to avoid unnecessary waste of time, the market is started at a price somewhere near the American parity, and it then moves up or down, depending on the broker's orders. Obviously, as the price moves, limits operate, and orders are withdrawn or come into the market; but as soon as a price is reached at which all orders at that moment in the market can be executed, the price is declared fixed, and the gold changes hands at that level. After the "fixing," gold continues to be dealt in and, as with all other commodities, the price fluctuates with the supply and demand.

The reason why people have been rushing to buy gold is that they have no confidence in Governments which have been run by politicians rather than statesmen. These politicians in charge of their countries' finances have been churning out paper money, and the more they do it the less valuable the paper becomes. That is the reason for the tremendous desire to acquire gold. But as soon as confidence is restored the publics of the world will prefer jam or cheese which they can eat, in preference to gold which serves no supremely useful purpose and is evidently inedible.

If Great Britain imports too many goods and cannot afford to pay in goods or services, it must pay in gold. If she continues paying in gold indefinitely, the reserves dwindle. In other words, this country has not been working hard enough, and has been living on its capital. Since last year our reserves in the Bank of England have increased by £190,000,000, so that the matter appears to have been put right.

In the opinion of the City editor of a famous national newspaper, one of two things is going to occur. Either confidence is going to return or else there will be a shortage of goods and ultimately a world famine. Like other experts, he says there is no such thing as over-production. For the past fifteen years millions of pounds have been spent in trying to make things cheaper, more abundant, and of better quality. These desirable ambitions having been achieved, the politicians have thrown up their hands and said, "What is to do?" The truth of the matter is we are seeing the resistance of capital to the consequences of its own existence. The reason why we are all poorer although more gold is being produced (to the tune of a hundred million a year) is, of course, because credit is being destroyed. Honesty seems to be the keynote of the whole situation. In fact there is a shortage of good borrowers.

The query of my editor as to the possibilities of purchasing gold at pit-head prices is easily answered. The gold which is produced in South Africa is at once transferred to the Reserve Bank of South Africa. It is then shipped to London, where it is presumably sold in the open market.

During the world crisis gold has established itself more firmly than ever in the popular imagination. As I have said, this is due to lack of confidence in Governments, and as long as this continues it seems that gold will continue to be the only basis for money which finds international acceptance.

Well, there you are. I have absorbed all I can from the clippings, from bullion brokers, from City editors. I have even acquired the latest authoritative book on gold. Yet no one seems able to tell me whether or not Mr. Roosevelt's plan for the devaluation of the dollar is likely to meet with success.

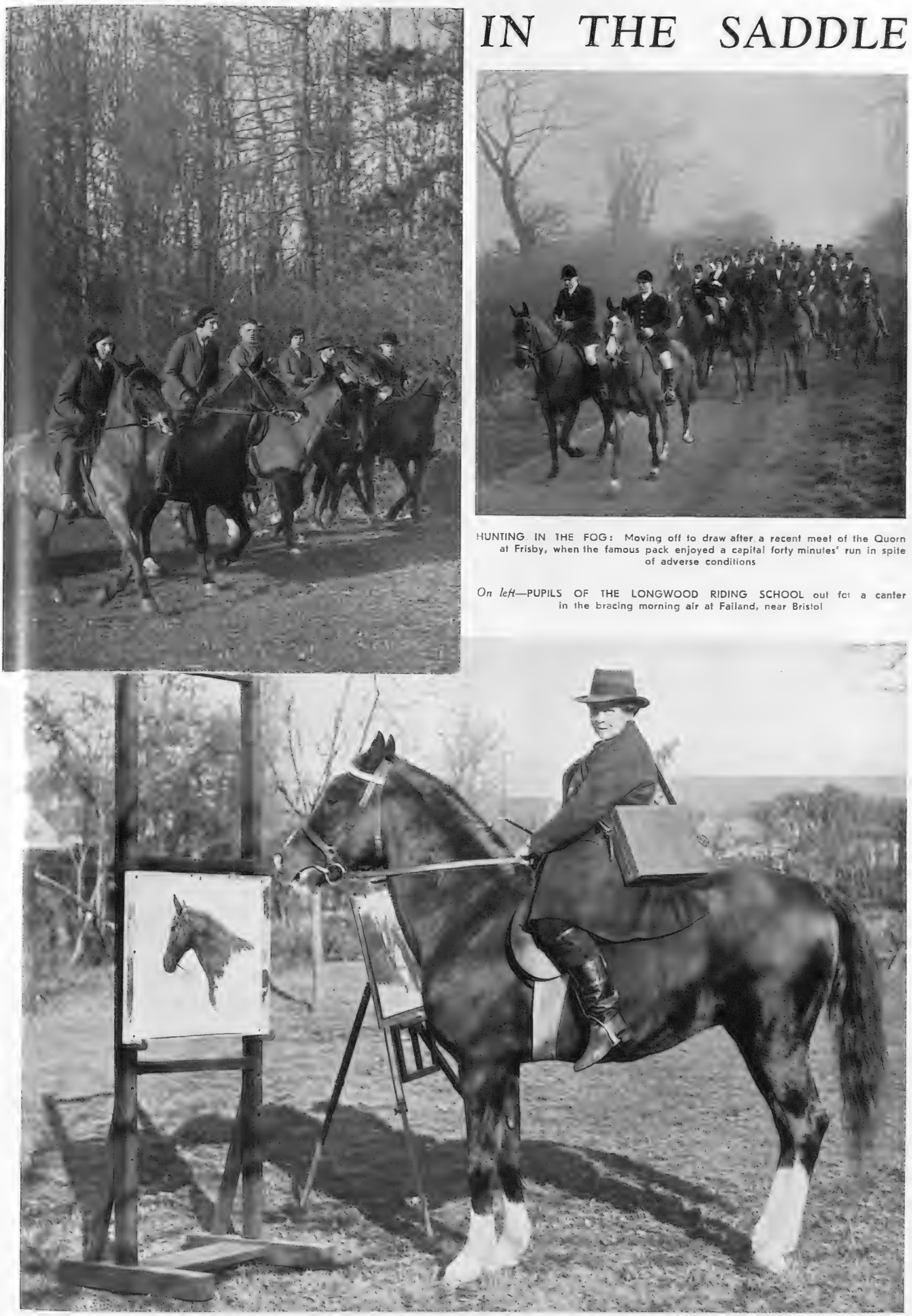
The outstanding factor in the new gold situation is the fact that the depreciation of currencies in terms of gold has become a weapon for domestic as well as international bargaining in the hands of the politicians, and a weapon which some of them are apparently prepared to use without due regard to the eventual effect on world trade and on the financial stability, without which any real measure of recovery seems impossible.

WHERE GOLD IS HOARDED: Millions of pounds' worth of the precious metal is owned by Indian princes who delight in displaying, but not in disposing of their wealth. This howdah is made almost entirely of gold

IN THE SADDLE

HUNTING IN THE FOG: Moving off to draw after a recent meet of the Quorn at Frisby, when the famous pack enjoyed a capital forty minutes' run in spite of adverse conditions

On left—PUPILS OF THE LONGWOOD RIDING SCHOOL out for a canter in the bracing morning air at Failand, near Bristol



MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH, R.I., the celebrated animal painter, and her horse Mustapha. This picture was taken in the fields near her delightful Hertfordshire home at Bushey where she has lived for some years. Miss Kemp-Welch has consistently exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1894 and a number of her pictures have been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. Her chief recreation is riding

PEAKS HIGHER THAN EVEREST?

POSSIBLY HIGHER THAN EVEREST: The snowy heights of Amnyi Machen, visited by Mr. Joseph F. Rock, leader of the National Geographic Society's Yünnan Expedition of 1927-30. "Early the following day," he writes in the society's magazine, "we decided to climb Shachü Yimkar in order to obtain still better views of the Amnyi Machen. I shouted for joy as I beheld the majestic peaks of one of the grandest mountain ranges of all Asia. We stood at an elevation of nearly 16,000 ft. yet in the distance rose still higher peaks—yet another 12,000 ft. of snow and ice! Undoubtedly the dome, Drandel Rung Shukh, is the highest part, although the great pyramid, Shenrezig, is a close second and the more imposing. The third in size and the central peak is Amnyi Machen, whence the range derives its name. In it the Tibetans believe Amnyi Machen resides. Not being supplied with a theodolite, I could not take the actual height, but from other observations I came to the conclusion that the Amnyi Machen towers more than 28,000 ft."

A problem already propounded last summer in these columns is again being discussed now that Captain Kingdon Ward has returned to India from another of his great journeys in south-east Asia. It is the problem of whether there are anywhere in the world peaks higher than Mount Everest.

Captain Kingdon Ward has been exploring the River Salween, and it is along the hitherto unexplored middle courses of this river and of its neighbour, the Mekong, that great peaks perhaps rivalling Mount Everest may still be looked for.

Many years ago Sir Sidney Burrard, head of the Indian Survey, laid it down as a principle in regard to south-east Asia that wherever a big river cuts through the axis of the Himalayan chain a point of excessive elevation is indicated. He applied this principle to the Brahmaputra and was startlingly justified, for after a lapse of many years a very high mountain was discovered, abutting on the river exactly where he had predicted. It is true that it did not approach the height of Everest, but it dominated the surrounding country and was worthy to rank as a Himalayan giant. Now it is a significant fact that Burrard's theory applies just as well to the Salween and to the Mekong as to the Brahmaputra.

However, it is not an easy task to discover a new big peak. The would-be discoverer, as Kingdon Ward himself has pointed out, must not rely on mere personal impressions for estimating altitude, for such a procedure will never convince the scientific geographer. In order to satisfy the critics at home the mountain must be located on the map, and its height must be calculated with the very best instruments available.

Unfortunately there are not many districts in which these exciting discoveries can be made, and it seems unlikely that any hitherto undiscovered peak could reach so great a height as 29,000 ft., unless it were the result of some vast volcanic upheaval in a remote age of the world. Even the magnificent peak of Minya Konka, a thousand miles east of Everest on the borders of China and Tibet, long suspected of being a rival of the highest mountain in the world, has now been dethroned. Its height has been calculated by the Americans who climbed it in 1932 and it is found to be only 24,900 ft., thus considerably lower than Everest.

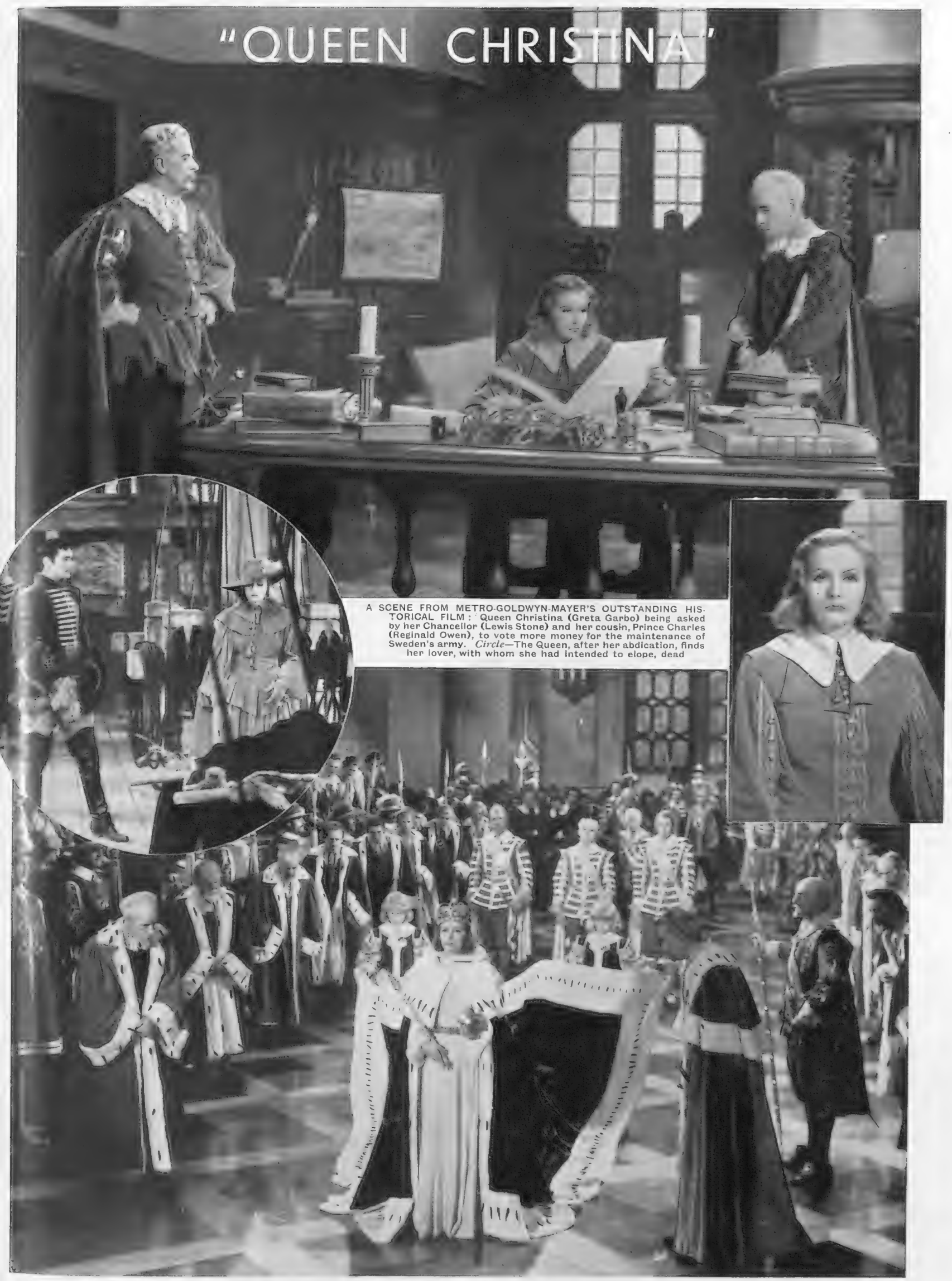
The other potential rival, however, the very high peak in the Amnyi Machen range, 800 miles north of Minya Konka, keeps its mystery almost inviolate. Since 1930, when Dr. Rock reported his personal impressions of these mountains there has been no expedition which could investigate General Pereira's suggestion that they may contain one of the highest peaks in existence. It is therefore just possible that here, as well as on the Salween or the Mekong, rivals of Mount Everest may yet be discovered. It will be interesting to learn whether Captain Kingdon Ward is able to shed any new light on this intriguing question.

C. F. Meade

Views by courtesy of Mr. Ferris Moore and the "Alpine Journal"

ONCE THOUGHT TO BE HIGHER THAN EVEREST: These two views are of the peak Minya Konka, in the range of mountains which lies between Western China and the Eastern Tibetan tableland. It has a very striking appearance and at one time it was thought that it might possibly outreach Everest. This has since proved not to be the case. The peak was climbed in 1932 by Mr. Ferris Moore and Mr. R. L. Burdsall, and the height was found to be 24,900 ft. The view on the left shows the 20,000-ft. hump, a subsidiary peak, passed on the way up, and on the right is seen the final portion of the ascent to the summit

"QUEEN CHRISTINA"



A SCENE FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S OUTSTANDING HISTORICAL FILM: Queen Christina (Greta Garbo) being asked by her Chancellor (Lewis Stone) and her cousin, Prince Charles (Reginald Owen), to vote more money for the maintenance of Sweden's army. *Circle*—The Queen, after her abdication, finds her lover, with whom she had intended to elope, dead

THE ABDICATION: A dramatic moment when all Sweden expected the Queen to give her hand to her cousin, Prince Charles (right), but she, weary of the restraint which royalty imposed upon her, announced her abdication. The film has been drawing large audiences to the Empire, Leicester Square

Queen Christina's life is one of the most interesting in Swedish history. She was born in December 1626, and succeeded her father, Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632. On reaching the age of eighteen Christina exercised her influence in State affairs to the full, though not always judiciously. She was both clever and beautiful, spent money extravagantly, and encouraged learning and the arts. She was unsympathetic towards her people and the Protestant religion, however, and in 1654 she abdicated. On leaving Sweden, history relates, she became a Roman Catholic and for the next six years led a somewhat unconventional existence. On the death of the King in 1660 she attempted, without success, to regain the Swedish throne, and in 1666 aspired to the crown of Poland, also unsuccessfully. Queen Christina of Sweden and Queen Elizabeth of England, both masculine in their outlook and domineering in their manner, were very similar in character. Elizabeth, however, appears to have had a guiding common sense that Christina lacked.

'THE RAIMENT OF A QUEEN DIVINE": The costume worn in "The Dying Swan" ballet by Anna Pavlova displayed at the exhibition which has recently been opened in Paris to commemorate the third anniversary of the great Russian dancer's death

NEMCHINOVA AND OLUKOFF who took part in the recent production of ballet in Paris in memory of Anna Pavlova, who died in 1931

PLAYS of the

George Robey Entertains at the Saville: "Yours Sincerely" at Daly's — A Production Spoilt by Schoolboy Vulgarity: The Tudor Boom Continues

There is the atmosphere of the back-stage film thick upon *Here's How!* a musical play lavish in everything but a libretto that possesses humour. There are many authors who either could not or would not think of a line or a situation that is funny; probably the latter, since the abundant success that has greeted other entertainments of a precisely similar type must have been a temptation.

The recipe seems to be to Americanize everything; to make a lot of noise; to tell the chorus to dance as much as possible and to wear as little as possible; and, having found a tune of sorts, to "play" it hard, particularly when the final curtain has fallen. Music is much to the fore in *Here's How!* since even in the interval the saxophones were going hard in the vestibule, where we were regaled with hot jazz and hot *hors d'œuvres*, the gifts of a kindly management.

But the dancing was the feature most emphasized. The chorus, comely and semi-nude, worked frenetically. Whenever a few young men were left alone on the stage they danced. Three of them changed hats while they were dancing, and a great gust of Homeric laughter echoed through the theatre. One of them, Mr. Jack Donohue, flung himself about, tapping rhythmically the while, and drew from the gallery more applause than I have heard anywhere for years. Manifestly the public like this stamping of the feet either to music or, more often, during the bars when the orchestra is silent. I envy those who are willing to endure any amount of it and can even laugh at it.

This is a musical-comedy with a murder in it, some crook or gangster being bumped off with a revolver in order that the heroine, Miss Lili Damita, shall be accused of the crime. Miss Damita did not seem to be worried, for the expression of any sort of emotion is not her line at all, and in this part she would be wholly negligible were it not that she is a blonde of the most alluring type. The aforesaid young man and the comely chorus helped her out with her songs and the dressmaker did the rest.

Why it should have been necessary to send for an American film-star to take a part which any English girl with good looks and a modicum of gumption could have played at least as well is a mystery. But Miss Damita was hailed with enthusiasm when the play was over and, of course, made a speech.

There was an even blonder blonde in the cast, Miss Phyllis Clare, who was a good deal livelier. Messrs. Reilly and Comfort indulged in some rather sinister cross-talk and then, with one of them at the piano, piped in sentimental syncopation of the topics on which Americans are given to touching when they feel like that.

The hero of the piece is, I suppose, Lord Ullage, an English beer-baron, who is induced to run illegal road-houses and to get himself entangled with crooks and policemen as in the happy times of Prohibition in America. Why, being a very rich man, he did this is not so clear as it might be and is quite unimportant. What is important is that Mr. George Robey plays the part, very British and phlegmatic among all this transatlantic clatter.

If one can imagine Mr. Robey ever being bewildered, that appeared to be his condition in the character of Lord Ullage, though he has never yet failed to make me laugh. But when he became again our own George Robey, with his cane and his little bowler and his songs, he was much more valuable, catching the audience in that virile grip of his and making us forget all about gangsters and hoofing and sex appeal and Broadway-and-water and Hollywood-and-soda.

HE OWNS BREWERIES and tries to bribe a newspaper which he discovers to be his own. George Robey as Lord Ullage in *Here's How!* at the Saville

"Yours Sincerely."—If I had noted on my programme during the first performance of *Yours Sincerely*, a revue at Daly's, all the doubtful remarks, the lines with a double meaning, the suggestions of sheer nastiness that were uttered on the stage, I would not have liked to leave it about.

I do not think the British public likes this type of alleged fun; indeed, in the course of one song which poor Miss Viola Tree had to sing, they showed pretty clearly that they did not. At the end the reception was "mixed," and I do not think Mr. Billy Caryll improved matters by answering the protests rather angrily and talking of experiences at Rochdale. Mr. Caryll, throughout the evening, seemed not to realize that Daly's Theatre is not Rochdale, nor even the Palladium. He is a comedian not without talent, and he is enormously willing—in fact, too willing—for he over-acted painfully, and his long, long sketch about a drunken man and a tortoise reduced me almost to an hysteria of boredom. Stage drunkenness is so very rarely amusing that it should be employed sparingly. Mr. Caryll believes in being lavish.

Another sketch, where a doctor visits a red-haired patient for strictly non-professional reasons, was merely tedious naughtiness, and a fairly clever burlesque of *Richard of Bordeaux* was spoiled by some passages that are quite unprintable. The favourite line taken in this revue is school-boy nastiness, and I trust that by now the authors have seen fit to show some signs of adult wisdom by abandoning it. For there is some merit in *Yours Sincerely*, which should not be weighed down by such silly handicaps.

All the sketches should go, also a stomach-waggling dance of the Pacific Islands, and Miss Tree's "hiking" song. The good points are Miss Tree in a pantomimic burlesque, Miss Louise Browne's first-rate ballet dancing and clever work generally, as both an actress and a singer, the splendidly, energetic and agile chorus, and Mr. Walter Leigh's music. Here, surely, are sound enough foundations on which to build a second and, I trust, a cleaner edition.

"The Queen who Kept her Head."—I find it hard to see Queen Katharine Parr on the stage without thinking of that fine comedian, the late Mr. Malcolm Scott. "I was Henry's last wife," Mr. Scott used to declare. "*I saw to that.*" Miss Laura Cowie also saw to that in *The Queen who Kept her Head* at the Kingsway Theatre, that is to say, the author, Miss Winifred Carter, saw to it for her.

Yet it was never made sufficiently clear that

MOMENT

By PHILIP PAGE

Katharine was risking losing her head. She was always supposed to be plotting about something or other, and a gloomy couple, one of them a Bishop, spied on her and sought to trap her. The King was alternately amorous and suspicious. Why was he suspicious? Why was the Bishop so unpleasant? Miss Carter knows the answer, for she knows this period, and there is in the programme an informative note which gives some hints. But she does not establish this point in her play, which makes it somewhat superficial.

The programme note suggests that when Katharine allied herself with the Reformers against the King, "she literally put her head into the jaws of the lion." We do not see this exciting incident, since the lion, like Katharine's motive, does not appear in the play. Perhaps that is as well, for it would be unwise to give it into the power of a four-legged member of the cast to make the title tragically inept at any moment. Besides Miss Cowie, conscientious artist though she is, and able to play Tudor queens, one after the other and possibly all at once, with as much ease and perfection as Mr. Fred Astaire dances, would certainly not wish realism to be carried to that extent.

As far as it goes, *The Queen who Kept her Head* is an interesting piece of semi-history. The language is often too colloquial and even a little cheap; but that is much to be preferred to stilted fustian, for which there is no hope.

Mr. Raymond Lovell was a new Henry VIII and among the better Henrys. He is as dignified as the author allows him to be. It must be remembered that the king at this late period was a man sick unto death, so his irritation was excusable. Yet this did not seem the great king at all but merely a middle-aged husband hardly able to govern even his own wife. Mr. Reginald Bach has produced the play simply and well. But I do not think King Henry would ever have reposed on such a bed as was here seen him, nor would he have had, ill and in pain, to sprawl half out of it in order to tug at a bell-pull. Some members of that royal household would surely have lost their heads over such an arrangement.

Thus the Tudor "boom" continues, though I would hesitate to predict a long life for Queen Katharine Parr *rediviva*, despite the play's many virtues. For *Spring 1600* had many more virtues and is, alas, no more. I held a short inquest over this Tudor play only because it was so very beautiful and its run so very short. The easiest verdict is that it was too good for the public. With that I do not agree; the public taste, which fastened eagerly on to *Richard of Bordeaux*, is higher than it is the fashion to suppose.

The reasons are probably two. One is that, while the play was extraordinarily good it was not perfect and had a slow-moving and even dull first act; perhaps Mr. Emlyn Williams will re-write that act and let us in due course enjoy a revival. Another reason is that it dealt with life behind-the-scenes. It used to be said that the only play about actors and actresses that ever succeeded was *Pagliacci*; that is not strictly true, since I can call to mind *Trelawney of the Wells* and a few, though very few, others. But the prejudice is there, and perhaps the inner workings of the Tudor Theatre are just a little too remote.

"The Big House." — Mr. Lennox Robinson's play, *The Big House*, is tantalizing. It is so nearly a very good play indeed. It has scenes of vivid power. It has a sense of the stage. Although most of the characters talk too much, they all, except in that disappointing last act, have plenty of interesting things to say. Yet the general effect is one of untidiness, of loose ends not linked up, and, I fear, of some muddled or at least insufficiently clear thinking. The Celtic twilight envelops it, and at times a thick mist comes up too.

The house in question is Ballydonal House, in Ireland, and it is treated as if it were a character in the play. Another character is never seen at all—Ulick, who has been killed in the War and is the son of the house. His sister Kate talks to his ghost. She would talk to anybody, and she nearly talked *The Big House* out of existence. We see Ballydonal's history through troublous periods—Black-and-Tan brutality, Sinn Fein reprisals, and the final conflagration. Kate declares how attached she is to the house and to Ireland; is then, surprisingly, glad when it is destroyed; and in the final scene is anxious to build it up again.

Miss Alison Leggatt, whose memory must be prodigious, made Kate human if she could not make her comprehensible; Miss Mabel Sealby was quietly clever as her much more sensible mother; and Mr. Austin Trevor, whom it is a relief to find not playing rather unpleasant foreigners, contributed a vital sketch of a Black-and-Tan officer.

"O MIGHTY CÆSAR! DOST THOU LIE SO LOW? ARE ALL THY CONQUESTS GLORIES, TRIUMPHS, SPOILS, SHRUNK TO THIS LITTLE MEASURE?": Marcus Antonius (Godfrey Tearle) kneeling over the prostrate body of Cæsar in the third act of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* at the Alhambra. Brutus (Basil Gill), Cassius (Franklin Dyall), and Casca (Laidman Brown) are seen in the background

JAMES BRIDIE'S SUCCESS AT THE PICCADILLY: Two scenes from *A Sleeping Clergyman* which reached its 200th performance on February 27. *Left*—J. H. Roberts who has now taken the place of Ernest Thesiger in the part of Dr. Marshall, and Dorice Fordred as Wilhelmina Cameron. *Right*—THE HIGH-BROW UNDRESSING ACT: Sophie Stewart who, as Cousin Minnie, reveals just how many petticoats it is possible for a woman to wear, and Isabel Thornton as Aunt Walker

"HERE'S HOW!"—THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE SAVILLE: George Robey as the beer baron, Lord Ullage, and Lili Damita, of film fame, as Mimi Lorraine (right)

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: The great duke is the subject of a brilliant essay in John Paget's neglected work, *The New Examen*, which the Haworth Press have just republished in a beautiful 10s 6d. edition. This portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller has been lent to the Queen Anne Exhibition at Chesterfield House by the Hudson's Bay Company of which Marlborough was for a time a governor

"Swan's Milk"—A Portrait of a Man Without a Sense of Shame :: Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's Story of a Family Reduced in Everything Except Courage :: Miss Naomi Jacob Completes a Trilogy

The present age has seen the death of reticence. Thirty years ago Proust, Freud, and Lawrence discovered that the most circumspect amongst us was secretly abnormal. The detective hunt in the glandular world became so ruthless that the axiom emerged that normality was the worst form of abnormality. But since then it has not been sufficient to cross out the "hetero" in the sex-life of man. It has been shown in biographies, novels, and verse that sex is really like a piano out of tune; there is an infinite gradation of notes from the basely bass to the effeminately treble, and that life is only a cat shut down under the lid, giving us a rhapsody in frustrated freedom.

These alarming thoughts are provoked by the most indiscreet book I have ever read. Let me frankly confess that I could not put it down. There is something in the noblest of us that cannot resist the keyhole. **Swan's Milk**, by **Louis Marlow (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)**, is supposed to be fiction taking the form of biography. Everywhere there is evidence that it is the portrait of a man in whom a sense of shame can rarely have been alive. The subject of this story is a self-confessed liar, a debauchee, a coward, a brilliant, objectionable, contemptible, fascinating, and unscrupulous adventurer. The silence of the grave gives him the assurance that his victims cannot answer back. There is scarcely a chapter in which one is not filled with nausea at a character so ruthless and devoid of balance, and yet there is not a chapter in which the attention is not held by the sheer skill of the narrative power and the outrageous candour of the revelation.

We are introduced to Dexter Foothood at Radley, at Oxford and Cambridge. We see him hypnotizing audiences in the United States, where he thrived as "a platform weevil," to borrow Irvine Cobb's simile, determined to preserve himself from conscription, and to let other fools make England safe for him to return to. He leaves the windows of Radley bespattered with mud, and contrives to embarrass some of the ghosts of Oxford. No one is safe from this corroding cynicism, this spirit fiercely dedicated to the negation of every virtue, every tradition by which our civilization is held in harmony. Living persons are paraded, stripped, and labelled in this book; and yet the portraits are masterly, the narrative never flags, and the human comedy proceeds with a zest that cannot be withstood.

Mr. Norman Douglas has enjoyed a certain proscribed fame for a number of years. He has been the idol of American collectors of rare editions, he has titillated their taste with an archnaughtiness that often took the form of a restricted edition at a guinea a copy, and afterwards of an unrestricted, expurgated edition at a marketable price. His fame is based on a legend of scholarship, exile abroad, and *South Wind*, which many have read and enjoyed, a larger number tried to read, and a multitude heard about. Yet Mr. Douglas deserves better than this doubtful foundation to fame. He has a style of engaging lucidity. "To be miserly towards your friends is not pretty; to be miserly towards yourself is contemptible." There is "Uncle Norman" at his swiftest and best. He is a master in the use of the stiletto, and unequalled in courage in this book, **Looking Back (Chatto and Windus. 16s.)**.

Mr. Douglas follows an impish nature in the plan of his autobiography. He takes out of a basket a collection of visiting cards. These provoke memories. Some of them provoke imaginative flights, some have the impress of reality. In this manner Mr. Douglas indulges his roving instinct. How full his life has been of profitable contacts, how varied his interests and catholic his taste, this long and absorbing book will reveal. He is at all times a cynic, he pinches the seat of Authority, and debags Propriety. He is not averse from scribbling on the plinths of Fame's statues. Of Frank Harris he writes: "He was a swashbuckler, and one of the last exponents of the art of living well, no matter at whose expense; at his own if possible. Owing to a fatal flaw in his alloy he lost all that his rare combination of gifts should have gained for him. Would he have suffered this eclipse if he had lived in the days of Aretino, when an unscrupulous and accomplished writer could say what he liked in print, and squeeze with impunity the last drops of blood out of his prey?"

There have been desperate financial moments in Mr. Douglas's life, but there was never an occasion when he allowed Fate to browbeat him, though he flew in its face on many occasions, some of which are very frankly paraded in this volume Some of his Russian experiences will come as a surprise to his followers, for he has seemed so much the wayward child of Germany and Italy. It was the vanished Russia he knew, for he left it in 1896. At moments Uncle Norman mounts one of his many hobby horses. He rides them with such dash, such an absence of bit, so hard-mouthed, that we watch wondering where he will be pitched, but he is so deft that he rarely comes off. He detests science. "By the aid of science millions of the best of our race are annihilated in a moment; by its aid millions of the worst are artificially kept alive when they should be allowed to die. Science as here applied makes for the unfittest." He is also prepared to prove that the Jews have deserted Jehovah for psycho-analysis: "It appealed to their fluttering, sensitive mentality, their talent for sympathetic diagnosis, and love of domination." This book survives a severe test. It can be opened at any page. It is first-class gossip. "The winter of my days has come. I have attained the Grand Climacteric. Now, if ever, is the time to take that promenade into the past and into regions which I shall never see again." There will be many of Mr. Norman Douglas's admirers who will be grateful for so whimsical a promenade.

There are a number of novelists who face a crisis at the close of writing a new book. They are certain they will never write another. They might take heart from the example of **Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.** I will not be unkind enough to say how many years he has been writing copiously, how many plays, novels, short stories his fertile brain has evolved. He began early and well, and he looks like retiring late and strong. His new work, **The Splendour of Torches (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)**, is the story of a gallant family that is reduced in everything but courage. The Falconers of Earl's Court Square exist in hundreds, but it has remained for Mr. Hamilton to do them honour and sing them, unwept and unweeping. The quality of the story apart, I am amazed at the brio of the writing, the zest, the élan with which Mr. Hamilton marches on through a new world, and reveals a topical and critical familiarity with the spirit of the age. If this had been a first novel we should all be busy exclaiming that it shows considerable promise, for the unrestrained fertility of youth abounds in its pages. After long years at the inkpot the nib is uncorroded, his eye for a nice situation undimmed. A book as good as its title.

To Mr. Forrest Reid, too, I pay a respectful salute. He has never written a careless line and he has been a specialist all his life in the emotion of a boy's heart. He is at his very best when portraying the moods of adolescence, careful never to mar the bloom. Here, in **Brian Westby (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)** he explores the growth of intimacy between father and son, brought together after an unpromising prelude. Here is another *Sorrell and Son*, but Mr. Forrest gives us the 'cello version, in contrast to the piano version of Mr. Warwick Deeping.

With **Four Generations (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)** **Miss Naomi Jacob** completes her Jewish trilogy dealing with the Gollantz family. The final volume is as full of energy and freshly viewed life as its predecessors.

Young Emmanuel figures in the closing story, and the grandson has the same charm of character and wayward brilliance as his grandfather. He rejects a life made for him, blunders, and recovers. This novel stands on its own feet, and owes nothing to the momentum bequeathed by its predecessors, which shows that Miss Jacob is creative to the close. The pace and richness of the book are admirable.

In his novel, The Peace Maker, by C. S. Forester (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), the author has made the most, and I think too much, of a rather bright idea. A man finds the means of demagnetizing all motive appliances. He writes a letter to *The Times* announcing that he will use it to enforce peace, and that as a warning he will throw all traffic out of action to draw attention to the necessity of disarmament.

Mr. Forester makes an exciting story of the consequences. At the end the inventor is killed by the mob that attacks his house and wrecks his invention. It is the theme for a good short story, but not even Mr. Forester's skill in precise statement can make the book justify its length.

It is exciting to see a series to be issued from **Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson** that will explain how we may visit foreign countries on £10. I would not believe it possible had I not met German youths who have visited other countries for a month on £5. **Germany on £10** by **Sydney Clark** and **France on £10** are the leaders of this five shilling series of admirably written and illustrated guide books. I don't believe it can be done, only the Germans have the art, but Mr. Clark's books will encourage the attempt. Even for stay-at-homes, these books are excellent reading.

PORTRAIT OF JEAN ARMOUR, wife of Robert Burns, and her grandchild, Sarah Maitland Burns. This oil painting by Samuel Mackenzie is the property of Mrs. Burns Gowring, great-granddaughter of the poet, and will be sold at Sotheby's on March 6

THE FAITHORNE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON: It is at present the property of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Vere Hobart, Bart., D.S.O., O.B.E., the senior surviving representative of the Milton family, and will also be auctioned at Sotheby's on March 6

Mr. Winston Churchill's renovation of the sullied statue of Marlborough has drawn attention to one of Macaulay's most powerful adversaries, a man undeservedly neglected in his day. John Paget stood up to the "Book in Breeches" gallantly, but the adulation in which Macaulay basked protected him against all attacks. **The Haworth Press** has published, at the price of **10s. 6d.**, a most beautiful edition of **John Paget's** neglected **The New Examen,** the work Rosebery commended to Churchill when he felt faint-hearted about challenging Macaulay's version of Marlborough. The essay on the Duke of Marlborough is a masterly examination of Macaulay's unscrupulous manner. There are other notable essays on "Penn," and "The Massacre of Glencoe." Mr. Churchill writes a foreword to this essential footnote to Macaulay's *History*.

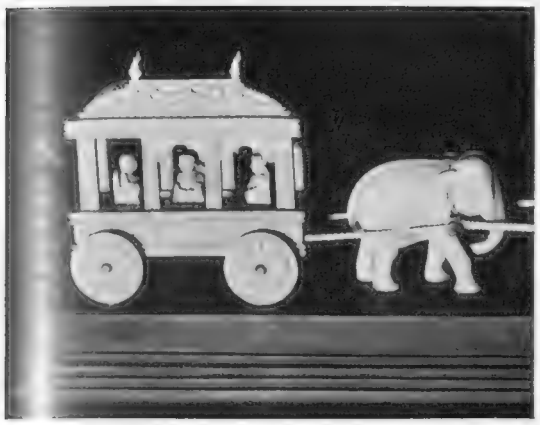
On page 328 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

And Other Matters of Current Interest

THE QUEEN AT OLYMPIA: Viewing the Imperial Chemical Industries' stand at the British Industries Fair with Mr. Claude Taylor of the Exhibition Department of the Board of Trade

A RARE GIFT: Lieutenant George Hunt with the model of an old-time fighting ship which he has recently repaired for Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and which the latter is presenting to his father, Lord Runciman, the famous shipowner. The model is made almost entirely of bone and is probably the work of French prisoners of war



A [illegible]AND-CARVED IVORY ORNAMENT bought by the Queen during her visit to the British Industries Fair on Tuesday of last week. It was displayed on the Mysore stand. Her Majesty paid a second visit to the Fair on the following Thursday when she spent most of her time in the toy section

SHE ADMIRES OUR GUARDSMEN: Annabella, the well-known French film star whom many will remember as the heroine in René Clair's production, *Le Million*, is now staying in London. It is possible that she will appear in British films

THE NEW FORCE: Some of the 150 candidates who went to Burlington House last week to sit for a three days' examination for entry to the new Police College. Those who pass will be given the rank of Junior Police Inspector after fifteen months training. They will each receive a salary of £300 a year

MR. WILLIAM S. BIRCH, who is aged ninety-four and was the founder of Birch Brothers, Limited, the well-known bus company, receiving an official receipt as the last of his buses were taken over by the London Passenger Transport Board

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, Herr von Hoesch (wearing fur collar) giving the Nazi salute after laying a wreath on the memorial erected at Potters Bar cemetery to the Zeppelin crews which were brought down in the vicinity during the War

LESLIE LOBENGULA, a grandson of the great Matabele chief who defied British authority in Rhodesia, is now a car park attendant in East Street, Manchester. He was born in England and for a time travelled with his father in a circus

MRS. CHARLES TORREY who, at the age of eighty-two, has just made the first flight of her life. She left Croydon for South Africa last week and plans on arrival in Capetown to set out on a big-game hunting expedition

THE FIGHTING DESCENDANT OF A FIGHTING ANCESTOR: Mr. Winston Churchill delivering a lecture on the "Duke of Marlborough and his times" at University College, Gower Street. A large audience was present to hear him

A ROYAL ELOPEMENT: Prince Sigvard, the grandson of the King of Sweden, and his fiancée, Fräulein Erika Patzek, daughter of a German industrialist, whom he has determined to marry in spite of family opposition

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LIBYA

Where Marshal Balbo is Now in Control

By MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN, B.A., F.R.G.S.

TRIPOLI: A view of the capital of Italian Libya as it is to-day. Once it was one of the dirtiest cities of North Africa

When Marshal Balbo, the famous Italian flying Minister, was appointed Governor of Italian Libya, he found himself in charge of a most remarkable "cleaning up" experiment in a country full of possibilities for aviation. The late King Feisal of Iraq spoke of fighting the squalor of the East, and this is what Mussolini is already doing in Libya.

Tripoli, which in Turkish times was indescribably dirty, is now one of the cleanest cities of the East and is within a few hours of Italy by a line of modern steamships; consequently, foreign visitors are beginning to go and see for themselves the remarkable transformation brought about by the Italians. A few years ago there was nothing outside the walls of Tripoli except desert, palm trees, and hostile Arabs. Indeed, it was quite impossible to venture outside the walls without a strong escort; even then it was not safe. Within the walls there was a tumbled-down mass of buildings, mosques, minarets, and bazaars lavishly seasoned with various forms of filth. Practically nothing was done to improve matters until the Fascist Government came into power in Italy, and peace had to be established with the Arab tribes before much progress could be made.

Mussolini, however, allowed no time to slide, and sent Count Volpi to Tripoli as soon as it was in any way possible to clean up the country and start colonization on progressive lines. As Governor of Libya, this notable Italian administrator worked wonders in a very short space of time, and the result of his work and that of his successors has created a complete novelty in Oriental life. While the attractive side of Africa and the East has been scrupulously preserved, the unpleasant and odoriferous features have been successfully removed.

Tripoli of to-day, which is the capital of Italian Libya as well as of the colony of Tripolitania, is a strange mixture of buildings ancient and modern, and yet they seem to blend in perfect harmony. In the old city there are narrow, cobbled streets with overhanging houses, solid-looking mosques, and slender minarets; an alluring picture of dazzling white relieved by deep shadows. Here Moslems and Jews, Bedouins from the Sahara, and merchants from the various oases rub shoulders in the busy bazaars, while the din of the brass-beaters mingles with the cries of the market to produce the common concert of the East. Moslems and Jews live together in perfect peace, and a discontented face is seldom to be seen. But the most striking thing of all is the cleanliness of the houses and tidiness of the little narrow streets in an Oriental atmosphere as yet unspoilt by the veneer of European civilization.

The new city is merely an extension of the old, but built to suit the modern requirements of its Italian and other inhabitants. In character it is also Oriental, but carefully laid out to suit both East and West. It is here that Marshal Balbo has his typically Eastern residence, and his retinue of servants clad in the gaily-coloured uniforms of the desert. Yet not far distant are humble Arab settlements chiefly composed of round huts made of petrol tins squashed flat. Their inhabitants have come to Tripoli in camel caravans to sell their wares and satisfy their needs until they come again. Beyond these encampments lies the desert, where the sound of the motor-horn is gradually replacing the gentle tinkle of the camel bell. Libya is undiluted Africa in every sense of the word, and once the city of Tripoli is left behind the life of the desert begins immediately.

But Italian skill and resource have opened up the sandy spaces between the various oases in which all the towns are to be found. First-class motor roads connect up most of these centres, as well as the Italian colonies where cultivation is being carried out on the most novel lines. Even the oases of Fezzan and Ghadames, right in the heart of the desert, can be reached by motor coaches, although the last part of the Ghadames route is not yet complete. Indeed so suitable is the country for motoring that the Tripoli (North Africa) Grand Prix motor race will be run on May 6 over a triangular course of ten miles through palm groves, the total distance to be covered being 300 miles. On this occasion the Libyan Government has approved of a sweepstake, a certain percentage of which will be awarded to the winning drivers. The first prize will be £8,000, the second £4,000, and the third £2,000. On the last occasion this race was won by the Italian, Varzi, with Nuvolari (winner of the R.A.C. International Tourist Trophy Race in 1933) second, and Sir Henry Birkin a very close third. This year there will be about thirty starters, and some of the best-known British racing motorists are expected to compete. Marshal Balbo is taking a keen interest in this forthcoming event.

But the new Governor finds his chief interest in the achievements of the air and in the great Caprone machines which fly deep into the desert to the sacred city of Kufra and beyond. The Italians are great believers in the air, and have used this means of bringing Tripoli within a day's journey of Rome. It is quite usual for travellers to breakfast under a colonnade in Rome, lunch overlooking the Grand Harbour of Malta, and dine under the palm trees of Tripoli. If motor transport has done much to open up the Libyan Desert, and is to-day the principal means of transport in this vast area, it is hoped that aviation will do much more for Italian expansion in the future. This is one of the reasons why Mussolini has sent his chief aviation expert to Libya.

The distance covered by a camel caravan in a month can now be done by an aeroplane in a few hours, and there is no saying what remarkable changes may be brought about by cheap aviation in these desolate lands. While Libya cannot at present be regarded as a transit country in the modern sense of the term, it may in the future become an important link between the Mediterranean and Central Africa. It must also be remembered that Italy has two other colonies in the south-east corner of Africa—Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, both of which border on Abyssinia where Italian influence is active. Hence, aviation may make a big change in the picture of Africa in years to come, and Italy is determined to be first this time.

Dear to the heart of Mussolini are the Italian settlements with their capacity to absorb immigrants. It is scarcely believable that oranges, olives, vines, eucalyptus, and tobacco can be made to grow in the sand of the desert, but the Italians have proved it to be the case. Although not a single river with perennial waters crosses Libyan territory, there is water under the soil, especially in the oases, and this the Italians have made use of to the fullest extent. Some colonists even grow lucerne and can therefore keep cattle, and there is no saying what further developments are in store especially in Cyrenaica, where the soil is more fertile than in Tripolitania, though as yet much less developed. Benghazi, the capital of Cyrenaica, is being cleaned up on the same lines as Tripoli, but what has been done there is even more remarkable owing to the difficulty in subduing the Arab tribes in that region. With this obstacle overcome, Mussolini hopes that Cyrenaica will once more become the "granary of Rome."

WHERE MARSHAL BALBO LIVES IN STATE: The palatial residence of the Governor of Libya at Tripoli

THE COUNT VOLPI PROMENADE, TRIPOLI: The great highway along the sea front

THE JEWISH QUARTER: Pastry sellers of Tripoli

THE BLOUSE STAGES A TRIUMPHANT COME-BACK

This is to be a season of neatly tailored suits, with blouses playing star parts and all economically minded women as an appreciative audience; for blouses provide the key to infinite variety at little cost and even less trouble.

On the left is a beautifully tailored suit in navy blue self-checked hopsack-georgette, very light in weight and practically uncrushable. The curved revers, the link fastening of twisted metal bars, the folds on the shoulders, and above all the defined waist, give the jacket a faultless line.

The cherry-coloured silk piqué blouse is patterned in white. It has elbow-length sleeves, soft revers, and a scarf collar, the price of this outfit being 11½ guineas in the ensemble and suit department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, London, W.

Having chosen her suit, which is the main thing, the woman whose dress sense is unerring pays minute attention to the selection of her accessories.

On the right at the foot of this page is a novel bag made in a fabric composed largely of woven string in its natural colour. It has a chromium mount and costs only 16s. 11d.

The gloves are exceptionally well-cut in a crêpe weave fabric, the cuffs being diagonally tucked, with palms and fingers of soft suède. These are made in blue and other colours and cost 13s. 9d. With the bag, they come from Marshall and Snelgrove.

For morning and for sports wear nothing rivals the short-sleeved woollen shirt. A very effective striped one is shown at the head of the page. It is made in a wide range of cleverly contrasted colours, and costs 15s. at Swan and Edgar's of Piccadilly Circus.

The second blouse, which also comes from the same house, is of washing satin in ivory or beige. It is exquisitely hand-worked, and the price is two guineas.

Lastly, there is the suit in a heavy fancy jersey fabric with a plaid taffeta bow. Made in beige, nigger, and pastel colours, it costs only 50s. The jacket is trimmed with rows of machine stitching and can be worn open at the neck with the revers thrown back.

ALMOST A RECORD FOR EARLY SPRING FISHING ON DEESIDE: Mr. H. C. Wright (left) of Arlington Drive, Nottingham, with the 35-lb. salmon which he caught on February 19 on the Woodend water

HAIL AND FAREWELL: There were many happy, but short-lived, reunions when men of the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, en route from the West Indies to Egypt for a further spell of foreign service, were allowed for a few hours to meet their relatives, who had come down from the North of England by special train.

A UNIQUE RECORD: Major Hugh Peel is the only owner who has ever won both the Grand National and the Waterloo Cup. He is seen here with Bryn Truthful, who scored a decisive victory at Altcar a few days ago, and with his 'chaser, Poethlyn, who won for the second time at Aintree in 1919. The latter is now twenty-four years old

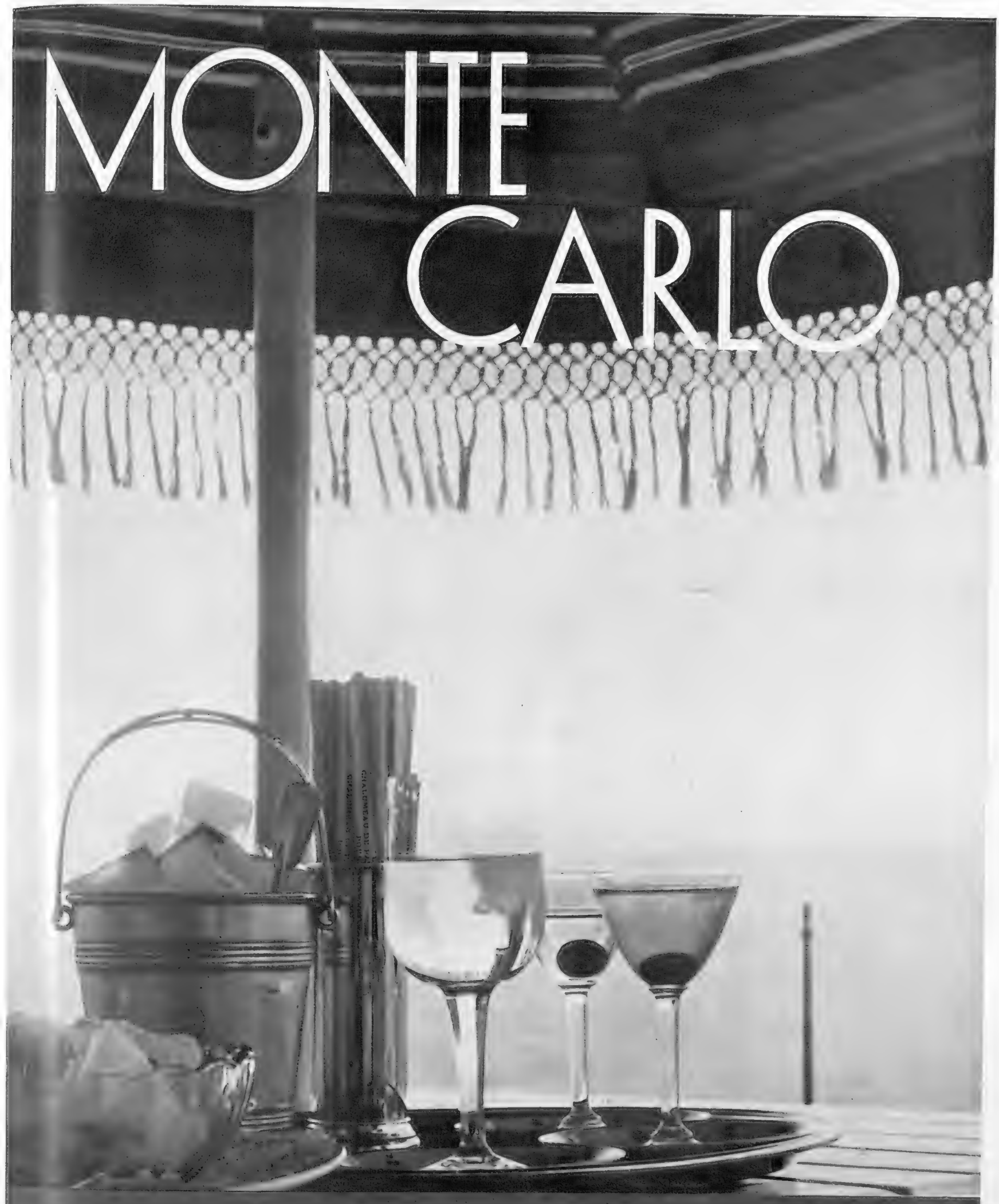
YOUNG MAORIS who took part in the recent celebrations at Picton, South Island, in honour of Lord and Lady Bledisloe. They presented the Governor-General and his wife with a carved chair

LORD BLEDISLOE'S GIFT TO NEW ZEALAND

In December, 1931, Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General, Lady Bledisloe, Lady Norah Jellicoe, and Sir John Hannan paid a visit to the Bay of Islands in the north of New Zealand, and inspected the various places of historic interest associated with the early settlement of the country and with the famous Treaty of Waitangi, which, in 1840, brought New Zealand under the sovereignty of Britain. On May 9, 1932, Lord and Lady Bledisloe announced that they had purchased a large tract of land (now known as the Waitangi Estate) including the house of Mr. James Busby, the first British official at the Bay of Islands, and that they were going to hand this over to the people of New Zealand. This has now been done. Visitors will be able to see Mr. Busby's house altered so that it will appear almost the same as it was in 1840, and in it there will be relics of Captain Hobson, the first Governor of New Zealand: Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who played a prominent part in the establishment of ordered government in the islands; and others whose names are connected with the Waitangi Treaty. The arrival of Captain Hobson in the Bay of Islands in 1840 is probably the most significant event in New Zealand's short history. Hobson's first task was to secure from the Maori chiefs the surrender of their acknowledged rights of sovereignty, and in order to achieve this he relied largely upon the influence of the Rev. Henry Williams, the great missionary, who had then been in New Zealand for seventeen years and who had earned the love and respect of the natives. A treaty was drafted, translated into Maori, and submitted to the natives at a meeting near the Waitangi River. A heated discussion followed and several of the chiefs expressed violently hostile views. They were reluctant to sign away their independence, even though they were promised all the rights of British subjects and guaranteed the full use of their lands as long as they wished to retain them. Finally, however, they were won over as a result of a vigorous speech by Tamati Waka Nene, a Ngapuhi chief, and on the following day the treaty was signed by forty-six head chiefs in the presence of at least 500 of inferior degree. At the end of five months nearly all the chiefs in both islands had either signed the document or, if they were illiterate, marked it with a tattoo device. In presenting the Waitangi Estate to the people, Lord Bledisloe has done a great national service. To-day white man and Maori live side by side in contentment—it is well that the beginnings of that harmonious relationship be remembered.

THE FIRST WOODEN HOUSE BUILT IN NEW ZEALAND: A relic of the early days at Kerikeri, Bay of Islands

THE RUINS OF BISHOP SELWYN'S PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS DISTRICT: Selwyn was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and in 1841 was appointed Bishop of New Zealand. He proved himself an ideal man for the difficult post, and was a staunch friend of the Maoris



● "Beyond, the deep blue sea, placid and mute . . . a knock at the door. A smiling waiter—an apéritif, with Monsieur's compliments. Nectar. A queer feeling round the heart. A thrill of the pulse. The fading away of the manacles of depression. The coming of the spirit of Gaiety."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW

and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day

IN VIENNA DURING THE CIVIL WAR

(*Continued from p.* 309)

"Why am I weeping? For my husband, my home and this poor child. My husband is gravely wounded by the guns, and the hospital has just told me to-day that he is no better. My home is wrecked, and the baby and I have nothing left. Good neighbours have taken us in, but what is to become of us?"

Ringing the bell of a flat chosen at random, I found a gathering of neighbours comparing notes. There was no reluctance to tell me their troubles. Twenty-four men, all the men as a matter of fact in this group of flats, had been marched off as prisoners by the police and soldiers, after the Schlingerhof had been "taken." Four had been sent back. My present host was one. But what of the others?

"Lady, lady, look at my canary-bird. He sings again. He was almost dead from fright with the noise," the schoolgirl daughter of the owner cried in glee.

"My brother, will I see him alive again?" rumbled her father in his thick labourer's accent.

They had told me so much: confided so openly, that I felt I should say something about being merely an English journalist who would not get them into trouble.

"Ach, Gott, we have lost so much, we have had so much trouble, that the little more or little less makes no difference."

That seemed to be the whole spirit of Floridsdorf, a very dangerous and a very desperate one.

The Austrian Government claims that the Socialists outnumbered the combined forces of the police, the troops, and the Heimwehr. It was, in fact, indisputable that the Schutzbund had a large number of rifles, many machine-guns, and considerable ammunition. In Vienna the Government used between 18,000 and 20,000 troops, police, and Heimwehr to suppress the insurrection after it had started. There is very little evidence that the Socialists had more than one-fourth of that number of armed men at any time during those days. This is also corroborated by the Government's own reports that there had been surrendered and captured something more than 1,000 rifles and some fifty machine-guns. The Government used batteries of four-inch howitzers, the heaviest artillery permitted to Austria under the Peace Treaty. The Socialist-Republican "rebels" had not a single piece of artillery.

Chancellor Dollfuss announced the combined losses on both sides as 241 dead and 680 wounded. On the Socialist side in Vienna alone, it is officially stated that there are 105 dead; of this number more than 10 per cent. were women. The Socialist paper of Prague, *The Social Democrat*, published on February 17 that eighty-five children and fifty women had been killed in Vienna. There is no proof to sustain this assertion.

The Social Democratic Party, which cast 40 per cent. of the votes in Austria, has been crushed. It has been driven underground, along with the Nazis and the Communists. I do not think that the disappearance of this political party has solved the Austrian problem, nor that it has advanced the cause of durable peace in Central Europe. There is at this time in Vienna an atmosphere among the working classes of the most indescribable hatred and embitterment. Only inspired political wisdom can disperse this black cloud. I do not see the source of such inspiration.

HERR SCHMITZ, Minister of Social Welfare in the Dollfuss Government, who has been appointed to take charge of Municipal affairs in Vienna following the ousting of the Socialists

READING THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT'S PROCLAMATION announcing its intention of taking active measures against Socialist terrorists. A full translation appears below

TO THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRIA!—The Federal Government of Austria has so far confined itself to a moderate defence in the rejection of National Socialist attacks and crimes, in the hope that at last reason would gain the upper hand over madness. Prompted by this consideration, a series of amnesties were issued at Christmas and the New Year. The hopes bound up with this were not fulfilled. On the contrary, at the beginning of the New Year, a wave of new acts of terror set in: during the last few days, no less than 140 attempts at blowing-up have been made in all parts of the Federal territory, the intention of which was to injure tourist traffic and general economy. The Federal Government has realized, therefore, that its endeavours are not only intentionally misunderstood, but have been deliberately abused; it is, therefore, resolved now to put an end once for all by all means, even the severest, to these acts of terror and demonstrations. Under date of this day, therefore, large divisions of the Voluntary Protective Corps have been called up which will, jointly with the police and gendarmerie, counteract all attempts to continue the above criminal operations. Every Austrian who is willing actively to support this defence will therefore contribute to the improvement of the general well-being. Acts of terrorism, demonstrations, and attempts at intimidation against the peaceable portion of the population will not lead to the desired end. Austria's peace-loving population demands rest and order for the work of reconstruction, and the Government will conscientiously enforce these justified wishes of the Austrian people.—Vienna, January 8, 1934. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

NOTES AND NEWS

Autori at the Queen's Hall

On Tuesday, March 20, Fernando Autori, the distinguished bass-baritone, and Lorraine Le Fosse, coloratura soprano, will appear at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W. 1. Signor Autori will give excerpts from Verdi, Tosti, Mozart, Strauss, Gounod, and Nicolaio. The performance will begin at 8.15, and tickets, which range between 2s. 6d. and 12s., are obtainable at the Queen's Hall, from Messrs. Chappell and Co., from L. G. Sharpe, Panton House, Haymarket, and other agents.

National Provincial Bank Limited

The Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank Limited was held on Thursday, February 1, at Southern House, London, E.C. Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell (the chairman) referred to the fact that 1933 was the centenary of the bank, its Deed of Settlement having been signed on September 23, 1833. A permanent memorial of the occasion had been provided in the form of a book, written by Mr. Hartley Withers, which would be a record for all time of the bank's history during its first hundred years and would show how much the world owed to the pioneers who founded and organized the National Provincial Bank, introducing into the English system the new and important principle of widespread branch banking worked from a centre in London. Having commented on the accounts submitted, the chairman said that in a year of exceptional difficulty the bank had provided a larger number of customers than ever before with banking and other facilities. The strength of British banking lay in the confidence of the public, which confidence was enjoyed to an extent that no other banking system in the world could rival and which no new-fangled banking system could hope to gain.

Attempts to look into the future of the world of finance were much more difficult than usual to-day. When the Government of the richest nation in the world was making bold and astonishing experiments with its currency and had created a fund equal to about £400,000,000 sterling in order to carry them out, the future trend of financial conditions must necessarily be obscure. Our own Government had created a fund similar in amount, but, while this was for the purpose of keeping the pound steady and was named the Exchange Equalisation Account, Mr. Roosevelt's fund was apparently to be used in order to depress the exchange value of the dollar, so adding to the uncertainties of the position, whereas our fund had stability for its purpose. On the results of the American experiment the future of the International Money Market would largely depend, and no one could say with any approach to certainty what these results would be.

The policy at home had been rewarded by gratifying success, the evidences of which had been set forth fully in the annual reviews published by the papers—increased employment, recovery in railway traffics, expanded turnover of money, some improvement in foreign trade, and a great improvement in the position of Government finance. With these evidences of recovery they faced the present year with confidence certainly, but also with a determination to regard the progress so far made as only a beginning, and to press on with every effort that they could make to something more like a return of general prosperity, shared in by all industries and all classes at home, and by all their neighbours and customers in the Empire and abroad.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At a Committee Meeting held in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, an extract was read from a letter from an Old Boy who left the Ship four-and-a-half years ago. He expressed most sincere appreciation of the help his training in the *Arethusa* had been, and stated that at Shotley he won the St. George prize for the best "all-round" boy at his "passing out" term. At 18½ he was made A.B. At 19 he passed for Leading Seaman, and at 19½ passed professionally for Sub-Lieutenant. If he passes his examination in March next, he hopes to be on the Quarter Deck by the end of next year, being then under 22 years of age. The Committee considered this very satisfactory indeed. This great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine is in urgent need of funds. Please send a donation to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

A BOOK LIST

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From The Autocar

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12 h.p., four cylinders, 69 × 100 mm. (1,485 c.c.). Tax 12.

Gear ratios.	Acceleration from steady speed 10 to 30 m.p.h.	20 to 40 m.p.h.	30 to 50 m.p.h.
19.3 to 1	—	—	—
9.12 to 1	7⅛ sec.	—	—
6.15 to 1	9½ sec.	11 sec.	14⅜ sec.
4.77 to 1	15⅜ sec.	15⅛ sec.	16⅝ sec.

Timed speed over ¼ mile, 67.16 m.p.h.
Acceleration from standing start to 50 m.p.h., 22⅛ sec.
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Brakes: stopping distance from 30 m.p.h., 23ft.
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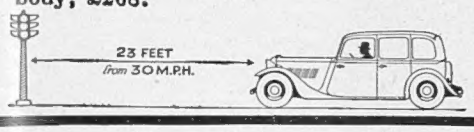

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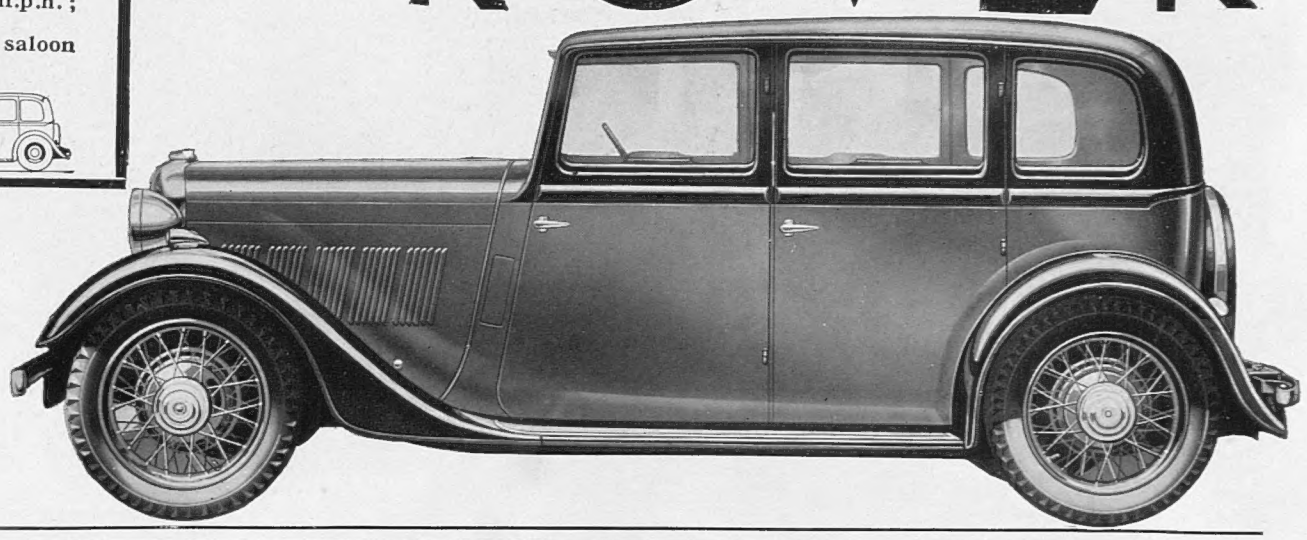

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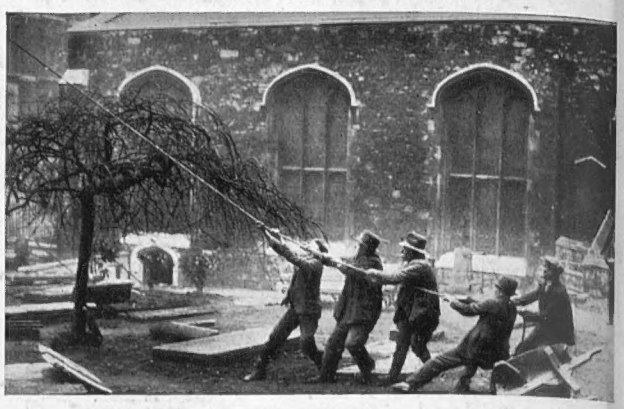
THE SAVOY CHURCHYARD AS IT ONCE WAS—SURROUNDED BY TREES AND PLANTED WITH FLOWERS: This charming piece of London is now undergoing alteration and the tombstones are being re-erected in a line along the fence. The "Old Stager" refers to these changes in "A London Newsletter"



NEVER A PLEASING SIGHT IN LONDON: Removing a tree in the churchyard of the Savoy Chapel. Many of the alterations on this historic site are arousing considerable criticism

SENEFELDER

The centenary of the death of the inventor of lithography has just been celebrated. Aloys Senefelder was born at Prague on November 6, 1771, and died at Munich on February 26, 1834. He first tried authorship, privately printing his own books. While experimenting with copper and other materials of engraving to illustrate one of his works, he accidentally discovered a method of printing from a slab of Kelheim stone and, having slowly perfected this process, established it as a commercial undertaking. An account of it by him, published in 1818, made it widely known.

THE SAVOY CHAPEL

The little churchyard of the Savoy stands on historic ground, for here stood Henry VII's Hospital which that monarch built on the ruins of Savoy Palace. The central gateway stood on the site of Savoy Street. The existing chapel, though much rebuilt at various times, still retains an ancient charm. It is a Royal Chapel, and the hymn books bear the words "Property of the King, and not to be taken away."

In 1754 and thereabouts the chapel was notorious for the clandestine marriages performed there, and it was the last place in which the so-called Fleet marriages were celebrated. The father of Tate Wilkinson, the actor, was a minister at the Savoy, and Garrick was one of those who informed against him for illegally performing the marriage ceremony—a charge for which Wilkinson was transported.

Fuller, author of the *Worthies*, was lecturer here. Baroness Burdett-Coutts was married here in 1881 to her American secretary, William Ashmead-Bartlett. Among those buried here are: Gavin Douglas, mentioned by Scott as present at the wedding of De Wilton and Clare in *Marmion*: Sir Richard and Lady Rokeby died 1523, members of a family made famous by Scott: George Wither, the poet, died 1667; Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, who commanded the troops of James II at the battle of Sedgemoor, died 1709; Anne Killigrew, died 1686, whom Dryden has commemorated, daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, who was Master of the Hospital, and niece of Thomas Killigrew, the wit; Archibald Cameron, executed at Tyburn in 1753, the last person executed on account of the rebellion of 1745; Peter de Wint, the painter, died 1849; William Hilton, the painter, died 1839.

THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY: Aloys Senefelder, the centenary of whose death was celebrated last month. He made his invention in 1796 and in 1806 opened a printing establishment in Munich

THE GRAND-STAND: This football fan was trying to get a better view of a boys' match in Hyde Park. He was sadly disappointed but provided the photographer with an excellent picture

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